HARDENBRASS

AND

HAVERILL;

OR,

The Secret of the Castle,

A NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

A MADMAN AND NO MADMAN—WHO WALKS,—
DEEDS OF DARKNESS, &c.—
REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, INCIDENTS, ADVENTURES,
&c. &c. INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING.

VOL. IV.

The time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die.
SHAKS.

His physicians do fear him mightily. SHAKS.

——— Spare not the babe,—
Think it a bastard,——
And mince it sans remorse SHAKS.

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1817.

HARDENBRASS

AND

HAVERILL



CHAP. I.

What happened in the Gallery at the Hop-Pole.

Having broken the thread of our narration, to give an account of Lord Jeremy Grinwell, we return again to unite it, by informing the reader, that the exclamations of the parties in the gallery collected a most brilliant assemblage, that is brilliant with respect to talents and titles, and so forth. There was the celebrated Colonel Gobetween, who is well known to be all in all with his noble friend and master, my Lord Lickupall, and Sir Crawl Crowcur! in short,

a most respectable selection of the true Legitimate kind. These personages approached my Lord Jeremy, as he was seizing Mr. Jarrener by the collar of his shirt, for he had no cravat on, and succeeded in extricating the young man, with the loss only of a part of his linen. When this was effected, my Lord Lickupall inquired what was the fundamental feature of this violent coercion; and Lord Jeremy, with a voice of thunder, declared, that Mr. Jarrener had, with malice prepense, soiled and spoiled the most elegant waistcoat that had been seen within the last six months, it having been made from an original pattern of the Marquis of Hardenbrass's, which the tailor had obliged him by using for him for the small price of twenty guineas. That he had besides spotted his culotte and his silk stockings, and had rendered him a perfect nuisance to himself, by spewing charcoal upon him.

To this Mr. Jarrener replied, as soon as he could procure silence, that it was by the

merest accident in the world that he had been compelled to precipitate the foul mixture from his mouth upon the Noble Lord, but that being in the act of purifying his masticators, when a lady rushed into the room, he had been induced to follow her, without having an opportunity to deposit the mixture in its proper receiver, and an unfortunate collision with the Noble Lord, had rendered the further retention of it an impossibility. That he regretted as much as any man could do the ruin that had ensued to the truly enviable costume of the Noble Lord, but that he had only his regrets and his apologies to offer; if the Noble Lord was not satisfied, he was bound in honour as a gentleman, to give him whatever further satisfaction he could require.

This gentlemanly speech was received with universal applause, and Lord Jeremy, who liked to go with the majority, declared himself satisfied, but almost wept over his spotted garments. And now an inquiry

was made after the lady, whose irruption had caused so foul an accident to happen to my Lord Jeremy's original garments, and his Lordship declared, that she was a mere fille de chambre, who chose to be cursed impertinent, because he did her the favour to look at her, and that he believed from his soul it was a mere lure to draw him after her. To this Mr. Jarrener replied, very warmly, that on the contrary, the lady in question was a young lady of family, well known to himself, and that doubtless it was the mistake of the Noble Lord that had caused all the mischief.

"Mistake!" exclaimed my Lord—"Mistake! I would have you to know, Mr. Jarrener, that I never was mistaken in my life, where a woman was concerned, and I'll be d—d if I am now! No, no! trust me, I know blood when I see it."

Mr. Jarrener was then called upon to name the lady, which he had just sense enough to see would be cruelty to Anarella, and he declined to do so. Upon

this, a gentleman approached, and offered to bet him five hundred that he could not name her and produce her; to which Jarrener replied, that he would not produce her if he could, but the fact was as he had stated. And now Mr. Mallison approached, and said that Mr. Jarrener was right, and acted like a man who had genteel blood in his veins, and that if he were even to make an *essay* to shew them the lady, it would probably not get the *prize*.

This fired Lord Jeremy, who longed for a quarrel, and he seized little I, and shook him violently: the company were about to interfere, when Mr. Mallison, perceiving that Lord Jeremy was on the edge of the top stair, dexterously tripped him up, and his Lordship, being uncommonly large in the base, or fundamental feature, lost his grasp and his balance, and fell backward, being drawn by the weight of the back ground.

It would be impossible to name all whom he overturned in his rapid descent. Sir

Felix Allgut and his amiable lady were ascending, and one would think from the circumstance of their filling the width of the staircase, that they might have proved a friendly bar to his Lordship's further descent; but even these two walking mountains could not stand against the weight of his Lordship's head and tail; they were driven backwards, and the feathers with which Lady Allgut had ornamented her head, were soiled and spoiled never to revive. These two worthy people rolled in harmony down the stairs at the Hop-Pole, like huge sacks of wool, and carried before them waiters, chambermaids, gentlemen and ladies, young and old, and a moralist might have turned the incident to use, by making those who yet remained firm above stairs observe, that they lay there as in the grave, young and old, rich and poor, one with another.

Those who were not included in the calamitous fall, employed themselves better than in moralizing, for they hastened to

relieve the sufferers, and when they were once more on their feet, they shook themselves and seemed to inquire if all was right; and in general, it was found that all was tolerably well. The principal accidents were the spoiling of Lord Jeremy's new coat, by a torrent of blood from the nose of Lady Allgut, and the complete skinning of his nose by her husband's heel. The demolition of a waiter and a tray full of glasses, which he was conveying up stairs, and which greatly annoyed the fallen populace, having been broken into many fragments. On some of these malicious fragments fell the bare lower story of Miss Fuzman and her mamma, and Mrs. Tilt, who accompanied them, made such an exhibition in the leg way, that her husband was fain to catch her by the heels, with an oath that shocked the ears of her mamma. Various beaux suffered various evils; some cut their legs, some their cheeks, one lost two teeth, and Lord Jeremy himself had a front tooth broken.

And now this accident, which one would have imagined calculated to sow nothing but discord, had a directly contrary effect; every one seemed desirous only to retreat unobserved, and thus Anarella escaped from being made the subject of conversation among the company at W——, who were about to enjoy the festivities prepared by Mr. Tilt, in order to insure popularity, which was his idol.

While all this was passing, Anarella and her aunt sat in no very pleasant situation in their own apartment, dreading every moment to hear their own name repeated, and to become the subject of discussion among a set of people who would blazon the story abroad with alterations and additions that might be very unpleasant. At length, however, they were relieved from this dread, and received a visit from Mr. Jarrener, which we shall relate in a new chapter.

CHAP. II.

Which is not devoid of Amusement.

To do Mr. Jarrener justice, he had conducted himself with great propriety with regard to Anarella, and he made himself less disagreeable than usual to her during the visit he paid her and her aunt. He informed the ladies, that the Fuzmans had been for some time at W——, where their fortunes enabled them to dash in a way that few of the genteel inhabitants of the place could venture to imitate. That Mr. Tilt having arrived from Yorkshire, where he had purchased horses to a large amount, had been playing daily and hourly pranks in the various ways of driving; and that he had set his wife on a young spirited horse, which had run away with her, and greatly endangered her life. He and his wife's relations had,

by various means, become great favorites in the place and neighborhood, and as they wished to do something dashing to be remembered, they had proposed to give a ball and supper at the assembly rooms, to which every creature was invited who could by courtesy be considered as belonging to gentry; the pleasure to the Fuzmans being the account that they were determined should appear in all the papers, of the number of friends invited. As to himself, he said, he had come from town with the celebrated surgeon Bindwell, who had been sent for to the son of Sir Thomas Visor, a young man he had known intimately, but who had met with an accident in consequence of a fall; that Mr. Bindwell had that day begun an operation, which he hoped to complete before morning, when he was to return to London, but that as to himself, he had made up his mind to stay a week or two at W——, just by way of seeing what the animals were made of. He

then asked what he could do for the ladies, as he should be but too proud and too happy to be of use to them.

Mrs. St. Arno had always liked Jarrener, in spite of his follies and fopperies, and she now felt his presence a sort of protection; she told him the difficulty they laboured under, with respect to accommodation, and added, that she dreaded to let Anarella, so unwell as she was, face the night air.

"All this may soon be obviated, ladies, if you will do me the favor to sleep in my room," said Jarrener, "it is quite at your service, and I will go to this other place, it is all the same thing to a bachelor."

This offer was thankfully accepted by Mrs. St. Arno, and the chambermaid was ordered to prepare the bed for the ladies, and a mattrass on the floor for Dunn, who protested she should die if she went to another room.

These matters being arranged, Mr. Jar-

rener could not help laughing at the dreadful alternative Lord Jeremy Grinwell was reduced to, either to stay away from a place where every body was going, or to appear there in a dress not quite new, as to mode. " As to my own part," continued Jarrener, viewing himself in the glass, " I was lucky not to have had on my costume when the fracas happened, very lucky indeed! but I don't rejoice over the foe, the black pigment was truly mournful!"

" In every sense of the word," said the old lady.

" Oh yes! triste to excess," said Jarrener; " but that is not the worst, for now the poor Lord has a front masticator broken! the attraction of cohesion is gone, and not all the art dentrifical can restore t! It is terribly unfortunate to have a ine set of teeth spoiled!" at the same ime looking in the glass and displaying is own.

Anarella took no part in the conversa-

tion, she sat, as before, looking at the fire, and her aunt, in order to amuse and interest her, tried to appear more cheerful than she really was. When Jarrener displayed his teeth she very deliberately put on her spectacles, and he seeing they had attracted her attention, sat with his lips drawn back, to allow her to contemplate them. After a moment Mrs. St. Arno took off her glasses, and said, "One should not use glasses to look at teeth, they show the specks."

"Specks!" cried Jarrener, starting up in the greatest alarm; "surely there are none on mine! specks! let me see," grinning in the glass, "I don't see one, my dear Mrs. St. Arno, do point out the spot on which the pollution has fixed! I must apply to Dumerg! a speck! horrible! I wish I could see it!"

"It is lucky for you, you cannot," replied the old lady gravely, "I may easily be mistaken!"

"Oh no! that is impossible," said the

horrified Jarrener, "that is impossible! I must go to my concave!"

"Are you not going to the ball," said the old lady.

"To be sure I am! but I must consult my concave! what pleasure can I have in a ball, or any thing else, if the feature I most value myself upon, pure and speckless masticators, be polluted!" He then anew examined his mouth, but with the same success—he could not perceive the speck. Mrs. St. Arno had some pity for his distress, so looking through her spectacles she said, "I fancy the speck on your teeth, Mr. Jarrener, will prove something like the monster in the Sun, for I see my glasses are in fault, I must wipe them clearer another time."

This explanation set Jarrener somewhat at ease, though he determined to consult a dentist: he resumed his smiles, and was about to retire, fearing that he kept the ladies up, when, looking at Anarella, he observed that she held her head

with her hand, and looked very ill. This struck Mrs. St. Arno, and she proposed sending for a medical man, to which Anarella strongly objected, as she said a night's rest would restore her. But just as the debate was about to conclude, Mr. Bindwell sent to Jarrener to say, that he was going to Sir Thomas Visor's, and as he should be obliged to make the best of his way as soon as his business was concluded, he meant merely to ask, if Mr. Jarrener had any commands for him. Jarrener represented him as a very agreeable man, and said, that he would, perhaps, answer better than an apothecary of the place, as he would have no interest in making a bill. Anarella still objected, but she was obliged to retire to bed, for her head-ache became torturing, and while Dunn attended her, Mrs. St. Arno sent to say, that Mr. Jarrener wished to see Mr. Bindwell. He soon came, and agreed to wait till the young lady was in bed, and to give his opinion respecting

her. Mrs. St. Arno went to assist Dunn in undressing Anarella, and left the two gentlemen together.

Mr. Bindwell was a sensible looking man, with the appearance of severity, but little of it in his disposition. He had within the last twelve months become very fashionable, and was in consequence making a large fortune, at only the expence of health and comfort. But money being the sole good, as it is the means of procuring all others, Mr. Bindwell willingly gave his time and his rest to secure as much of it as possible. At the commencement of his career he had determined to labor till he was master of a certain sum, which, according to his then view of things, would amply furnish him with every thing he could possibly wish or want, and secure his independence; and having once attained this great object, to retire from London with his family, and enjoy himself in the country, of which he was passionately fond. The

heavy and increasing expences of living, taxes, &c. however, made him every year imagine that his hopes of independence were more and more illusory, and he began to reconcile his mind to drudging on in his harness to the end of his life. The gleams of hope an increase of practice brought, did not elate him, for he was too sensible and observant not to perceive, that the public difficulties were increasing, and that, of course, individual sacrifices must be extensive and deeply felt; he mourned in secret, at the continuance of a system that was bringing only ruin and slavery in its train, and like many others forbore to express feelings, the publicity of which would have contributed to suppress and do away the evils that excited them.

While he was awaiting the summons to attend Miss St. Arno, he inquired of Jarrenger who his patient was, and received a very laconic reply, that she was a young lady dependent upon her aunt, and

for whom he, Mr. Jarrener, felt a little tender sympathetic affection. "But really," continued this sympathetic lover, "I forgot the mental affinity there is between us, in the misfortune that has happened to myself! I would rather have given twenty pounds than have suffered such dilapidation."

He then explained to Mr. Bindwell, that he was afraid his best feature, his mouth, was polluted, and requested that gentleman to examine his teeth, and advise him what to apply to the infected one. Mr. Bindwell searched, but in vain, for the speck, and being curious to know more of Miss St. Arno, asked where Mr. Jarrener met with her.

"Good God! my dear Sir!" replied this warm lover, "how can I tell any thing about it, or about any thing else, while the enemy is making an inroad into my mouth! For God's sake do tell me what I shall do to prevent the evil from spreading!"

"The best and surest process is to extract the offending tooth," said the surgeon; "then you will be certain that it does not infect the rest."

"If I could find it, and it would not disfigure my mouth too much, I might do that," replied the alarmed Jarrener, "but I cannot find the speck."

"Then let me advise you, Sir, not to give yourself any farther trouble about it," returned the surgeon; "refrain from wine and sweet things; let not high-seasoned viands enter your mouth, and once a day clean your teeth with salt; it is an excellent thing, I assure you."

This advice pleased Jarrener, and he almost hugged Mr. Bindwell for it, and that gentleman again asking in what line of society Miss St. Arno moved, Jarrener replied, in the very first; that he met her last at Rhanvellyn, where Hardenbrass had been entertaining a large party of fashionables. "She is now," continued

he, "on her way to town, where I suppose she will be a star of magnitude; but a fright she had here a little while ago has disordered her, and her aunt fears fever. She is a devilish sharp-sighted old woman, I promise you! it was she found out my speck! but, for pity's sake, get the dear creature to take something; for after all, I dare say, she will have me! I know she always paid particular attention to my mouth! Do you know, when we were at W—m—th, she used always to laugh at me, which is an infallible symptom of tender excitation."

The surgeon was about to reply to this, when Mrs. Dunn came to inform him, that the young lady was ready to see him; and Mr. Jarrener took the opportunity of going to dress in the room of a friend, while Mr. Bindwell visited the sick.

We shall leave him in an occupation that always gave him particular delight,

both in its progress and result, and follow Mr. Bindwell to the bedside of Anarella; but this will be better done in another chapter, as a pause must be equally agreeable to our readers and ourselves.

CHAP. III.

Mr. Bindwell's extraordinary Behaviour.—Some Account of the Ball.—Friendly Hints; and the Discovery they occasioned.

Mr. Bindwell, after a few previous questions, felt his patient's pulse, and inquired of her where she suffered most; he then requested that he might have the advantage of examining her countenance, and seeing the state of her tongue. Though the light was painfully offensive to Anarella, she desired it to be brought, and when Mr. Bindwell wished it, she opened her eyes and looked at him. This was but momentary, for she was suffering acute pain in her head, and the light was removed.

To Mrs. St. Arno's great astonishment, instead of giving any opinion respecting

her niece, or recommending any mode of treatment, the surgeon threw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, remained buried in thought. This alarmed her exceedingly; she thought her Anarella must be in extreme danger, and that the fear of communicating the fact had operated on Mr. Bindwell, and restrained him from speaking. After a few moments' silence, she addressed him in a tremulous voice: "Pray, Sir, do inform me what—what is your opinion of the state in which you find my niece? if you apprehend danger, Sir, I will instantly send for further assistance."

To this Mr. Bindwell returned no answer, he seemed as though he did not hear it. Mrs. St. Arno then fancied that he must be ill himself, and inquired if that was the case.

"Not in the least, Madam," returned Bindwell; "I was only struck with the singularity of the thing!"

"Singularity!" replied Mrs. St. Arno;

is her case then a very singular one? Surely nothing dangerous: dear Sir, do explain! do tell me what you think."

"I ought to beg pardon, Madam, for occasioning you this unnecessary alarm," said Bindwell, recollecting himself; "but instead of singularity, I ought perhaps to have said *similarity!* The young lady is ill, but by putting her feet in warm water, and taking a dose or two of a medicine I will order for her, I doubt not that she will find herself relieved. It appears to me, that she has had some mental shock; her countenance is expressive of great depression. I have no right, no wish to inquire into a lady's secrets, but perhaps *you*, as a prudent friend, if not a relation, would do well to ascertain the secret cause of agitations that shake the frame."

It was now Mrs. St. Arno's turn to be surprised and silent, for Mr. Bindwell's manner said more than his words; it shewed that he was firmly persuaded

something very extraordinary had befallen Anarella, and though his conjectures might stray widely from the truth, she preferred letting him indulge them, rather than impart any, even the slightest hint of the state of Anarella's mind. She saw, however, that Bindwell expected to have an answer, and that his curiosity was much excited, and this was an additional motive for her silence, as, in the common course of business, the cause of his patient's agitation could be no affair of his. But this train of thought gave to Mrs. St. Arno an appearance of disingenuousness and restraint, which, added to her total silence, made an unfavourable impression on Bindwell's mind; he fancied there was a something very extraordinary to which the old lady was privy, to be concealed; and he became of course very desirous to know more of both the aunt and niece.

When he had written a prescription, which Dunn, accompanied by a waiter,

carried to the apothecary's to be made up, he fixed his eyes on those of Mrs. St. Arno, and asked whether she was proceeding to London, or leaving it. She answered, that she was going to London, and begged to know, how long he thought it likely that they might be detained at W—— by Miss St. Arno's illness; to which he replied, that it would not be advisable to go early in the morning, but that he imagined they might go a stage or two towards noon. "It appears to me, Madam, that agitation and fatigue have produced all this excitation," continued he, "and after a night's rest, and a little perspiration, the young lady may travel with great safety, always, however, guarding against cold! As to the exciting cause she probably carries that with her wherever she goes!"

Still Mrs. St. Arno was silent respecting this cause he seemed so desirous to know, she only took out her purse, and presented him with a fee, which he re-

ceived with a slight bow, and asked in what part of the town she resided when in London. She replied, that she had no fixed residence there, and imagining that this question was only to induce her to inquire his address, she added that it would be agreeable to her to know where to find him when she was in town. He gave her his address, and bowing ceremoniously withdrew.

When Mr. Bindwell left Anarella's room, he went to the sitting-room, hoping to find Mr. Jarrener, but that young gentleman was too pleasantly engaged in adorning his person, to think either of Bindwell or Anarella, and the disappointed surgeon was under the necessity of departing immediately for the house of Sir Thomas Visor, from whence he proceeded to London, as he had projected.

As to Mrs. St. Arno, though much surprised with what she considered the ungentlemanly behaviour of Mr. Bind-

well, she did not give a moment to inactivity; but ringing for the chambermaid, she procured some hot water, and put Anarella's feet into it, and happily she found her head almost instantly relieved. She then gave her the medicine, and at Anarella's earnest request, herself went to bed, leaving Dunn sitting by the fire, to be ready to administer the medicine again at the end of three hours.

The whole party, aunt, niece, and Mrs. Dunn, were asleep in less than half an hour, and probably would have continued so till late in the morning, had not an accident, which we must take time to prepare our readers for, disturbed them at rather an early hour.

When Mr. Jarrener entered the assembly-rooms at W——, which rooms were at the Hop Pole, he found them already so crowded, that it was with difficulty he squeezed his way to Mrs. Tilt, who was giggling amid a circle of beaux at the upper end of the room.

This young lady, whose conduct had exhibited the two extremes, bashfulness and its opposite, which we forbear to name, seemed to have vowed perpetual renunciation of every thing related to bashfulness, and had so little discretion, and so little command over her behaviour towards men, that if Mr. Tilt had not been the most inattentive, or the most complaisant husband in the world, he would have remonstrated with her! So it was, however, that she pursued her course unmolested by him; and when her mother would have expostulated with her, she was told, that now she was married she should do as she liked.

Among the gentlemen who paid her particular attention, and of whom she talked incessantly, were Lord Jeremy Grinwell and a certain Colonel Liptrap, a man no longer young, but whose knowledge of human nature, and devotion to gallantry made him a most dangerous companion for a young foolish married

woman. Mrs. Tilt had become the serious object of his pursuit, and he plied her incessantly with flattery, of which she was greedy to excess! he wished that fortune had not decreed that he should be the husband and she the wife of another, and, on one or two occasions when she was at his house on a visit to his daughters, he ventured upon some trifling freedoms with her, which he found so well received, that he did not despair of ultimate success.

The Colonel's character was so well known in the neighbourhood, that his attentions were a mortal stab to the reputation of any woman, and the world was already ill-natured enough to believe, that Mrs. Tilt had adorned her husband's forehead with a pair of military antlers; the consequences of this belief were, that though every body visited Mr. and Mrs. Tilt, and it was the thing to be of their parties, few ladies were particularly anxious to be more than generally civil to her

in public, and she was generally surrounded only by men.

Lord Jeremy Grinwell would have thought it an eternal blot to have mixed his blood with that of the Fuzmans, but as Mrs. Tilt was the fashion, he thought it none to have the reputation of an intrigue with her; and considering that it was quite as easy to say the lady had blessed him if she had not, as if she really had, he gave pretty broad hints among his acquaintance, that such was the case, and in public he affected a sort of confident familiarity with her, that was well calculated to confirm such a report. At this familiarity Mrs. Tilt bridled with pleasure, because it was a lord who shewed it, and Lord Jeremy had no reason to complain of its reception.

When Jarrener reached Mrs. Tilt, she was listening with open mouth to Lord Jeremy's account of what preceded his fall down stairs; while the Colonel was adjusting a ringlet, that had escaped from

the diamond comb that held it. The rest of the party were wondering who the lady could be, who was the original cause of the fracas, and Jarrener no sooner appeared than he was set upon from every side. With perfect good humor, but more firmness than usually belonged to his character, he refused to tell the lady's name, and the subject was nearly lost, when Mrs. and Miss Fuzman, who had been delayed by the necessity of dressing the wounds they received in their back settlements, made their appearance; and with an air of malicious pleasure, said that Mr. Jarrener need not make such a secret of it, it was only *that* Miss St. Arno. Mr. Jarrener could not conceive how they had heard this, but he said sinee Mrs. Fuzman had heard that Mrs. and Miss St. Arno were there, he took it for granted she had called on them, as Miss St. Arno had been greatly disordered by the fright Lord Jeremy had occasioned her. Mrs. Fuzman answered that, indeed, she should

not take any notice of such people! their conduct at Rhanvellyn was very suspicious, and odd stories circulated about what happened there in the private apartments! she certainly should not patronise such adventurers. When Jarrener denied that they were adventurers, Mrs. Fuzman defied him to say who was Miss St. Arno's father; the truth was, she said, that she was the natural daughter of the woman who called herself Aunt, and who having been some years abroad, fancied her frailties were forgotten.

Mrs. Fuzman asserted this with a boldness, that carried conviction to most of her hearers, and Jarrener himself was confounded, for though he did not believe it, he could not contradict it; and he was fain to escape from the subject by joining in the dance. He asked Mrs. Tilt to dance, but she declined, and Colonel Liptrap never left her the whole of the evening.

The way in which Mrs. Fuzman dis-

covered the unknown lady, was through the loquacity of Dunn; who as she went for the medicine could not help interrogating the waiter about the company in the house and town; and in return for his communication, she told who her lady was, and that her lady knew Mrs. Tilt very well. The man on his return to the Inn, told Tilt's man, who soon informed the maid, and as Mrs. and Miss Fuzman were, as we said before, delayed on account of their wounds, they learnt the fact before their attendance at the ball.

Till after supper Mr. Jarrener heard little or nothing of Miss St. Arno, but happening unfortunately to be placed near the Fuzman's and Lord Jeremy, the subject was renewed, and he was, to use Mr. Tilt's expression, *roasted* for paying his addresses to a female adventurer. At first he was very angry, and defended his absent friends, but finding no one to second him, he grew ashamed of standing alone in the contest, and at last pro-

tested that he never had a serious thought of marrying Miss St. Arno, who for ought he knew, *might* be a mere adventurer. So much for Mr. Jarrener's courage! the dance was renewed after supper, but Mrs. Tilt complaining of fatigue, the Colonel escorted her home, and her mother undertook to officiate for her; while her husband, who next to a boxing match loved a frolic, endeavored to inspirit Lord Jeremy to pay Anarella a visit before he went to sleep: this Mr. Mallison assisted him in, (hoping my Lord would have to pay the piper), by saying he would not venture the *essay*, and that he did not deserve the *prize*. All this aided by good wine had its proper effect on my Lord, and as the company were anew set in to dancing, and not expected to give over till almost daylight, Tilt proposed that my Lord should go immediately, beat up Miss St. Arno's quarters, and return to the rooms to report the result.

My Lord consented, and accompanied

by his friend Lord Lickupall, Crowcur, and two or three more headed by Mr. Tilt, he sallied forth, and proceeding to the staircase, they mounted the stairs, and my Lord himself tried the door. It was fast, as might be expected, and Tilt betted my Lord fifty guineas that he dared not burst it open. The fact is, that my Lord would not have dared to do this, or even what he had done, had he not been urged on by his companions; but he now took Tilt's bet, and in spite of the cries of a female voice within, he set his foot against the door, and aided by Crowcur, burst it open. The whole party rushed in, and my Lord advanced to salute the lady, when he was surprised, as well as Mr. Tilt, to perceive that the inhabitants of the room were no other than Mrs. Tilt and Colonel Liptrap. It is impossible to paint the dismay of the lady, the confusion of the Colonel, the rage of the husband, or the sneers of his companions. Suffice it to say, that while my Lord comforted

the Lady who hid her blushes in the bed clothes, Mr. Tilt displayed his pugilistic skill on the defenceless Colonel, whom he punished with a severity, that left him no sound place whereon to repose. His earnestness in this exercise did not admit of interruption, and nobody ventured to stop him in the prosecution of his revenge, which, having completed, he turned to his lady, and told her she might now go to her mamma, for she should never again enter his doors! so saying, he left her and the Colonel in the apartment, and returned to the rooms, where some of his friends had preceded him. The fact was already known there, and Miss Fuzman was fainting in due form at the discovery of her sister's frailty; but Tilt, without any pity for the feelings of the mother, advised her to go and rescue her daughter from the arms of Colonel Liptrap, whom he said, he had punished pretty severely, and should certainly nick for damages. Mrs. Fuzman made a hasty retreat with her

daughter, and this event so discomposed and distressed the ladies, that the room was soon cleared of all of the female sex. As to Tilt and the males they sat in council on the measures to be pursued, and it was not till late in the morning that they separated.

CHAP. IV.

Composed of a Variety of Ingredients.

It was the disturbance recorded in the last chapter, which happening in the next room to that in which our travellers slept, disturbed them as we said before; and from the thinness of the walls and the loudness of the speakers, they were as well acquainted with all that passed there, as if they had been present. They could not, however, divine that this arose from Mrs. Fuzman's malicious assertion respecting themselves, and they were far from imagining that the visit was intended for them; if they had known the truth, they might have moralized on mischief and mischief makers.

At first Mrs. St. Arno fancied that the gentlemen had left Mrs. Tilt alone, and

she felt inclined to send Dunn to ask if she could assist her in any thing, for she pitied her extremely; but the complaining tones of a male voice convinced her that her seducer was yet with her, and therefore all offers of assistance were out of the question; she contented herself with giving Anarella another dose of her medicine, and bidding Dunn go to bed, and then they all again tried to compose themselves, but to no purpose. The noise in the inn forbade repose, and they were unable to close their eyes again, but lay listening to the noises that succeeded each other.

The family of Colonel Liptrap consisted of a wife and two daughters, who were among the company invited to Mr. Tilt's ball. The Colonel's house was about seven miles distant from W——, and as the road to it was not very good in winter, he was in the habit of having apartments at the Hop Pole, whenever attendance on balls, assemblies, or plays,

made it necessary for himself or family to stay late at W——. The room next to Mrs. St. Arno's was that engaged on the present occasion for his daughters, and as Mrs. Tilt was now thrown on his protection, he thought he could not do better than pass the night there with her, and meet his family on the morrow. Though his wife and daughters knew that it was in *a* room in the inn that the Colonel was found with Mrs. Tilt, they knew not what room, and poor Mrs. Liptrap dreading to go to her own apartment, came with her daughters to theirs. On trying the door, however, she found that it was already occupied, and guessed how! but not to leave her in doubt, the Colonel asked who was there, and Miss Liptrap answering in her own and her sister's name, he bade them go to their mamma, and not disturb him any more. This order they obeyed, and as soon as it was light in the morning, Mrs. Liptrap ordered the carriage, and returned home with her daughters, deter-

mined to do now as she had done on former occasions, leave the Colonel at liberty to return when it was most agreeable to him.

As to the Colonel himself, he was by no means easy with respect to Mrs. Tilt, or pleased with the termination of this adventure; of the fact of his culpability, there could be no doubt, and still less of Mr. Tilt's determination to proceed against him. To pay damages, he knew by experience, was a disagreeable desert to a love feast, and as Mrs. Fuzman did not come to claim her daughter, he was much puzzled to know what to do with her; at the inn, or even in the neighbourhood of W——, she could not remain, and he was too gallant to abandon her to the wide world. Besides, he thought it would be best to absent himself from W——, till his face should have lost the marks of Mr. Tilt's scientific anger, and after some meditation, he asked Monimia if she objected to go to London. She

replied, weeping, that she did not care where she went if he would take care of her, and between four and five the Colonel ordered a post-chaise to be got ready with all convenient dispatch, and he and his unfortunate companion were on the road to London before Mrs. Liptrap began her journey homewards.

And now these two parties being departed, Mrs. St. Arno hoped to procure a little more repose; but this hope was vain, for she had scarcely conceived it, when the arrival of the mail caused a fresh hubbub, and nothing like quietness was ever after restored. The ladies lay in bed, because they thought it best to do so, but they derived little advantage from it, and about nine they were in their sitting-room, and ordered breakfast.

Anarella found herself much better, having lost her head-ache, and suffering chiefly from weakness; but Mrs. St. Arno would not comply with her desire of proceeding as soon as breakfast was

over; she thought it better to wait till about twelve o'clock, and Anarella yielded without a murmur.

When the waiter had removed the breakfast things, the mistress of the house made her appearance to apologize for the disturbance of the preceding night, and as Mrs. St. Arno felt somewhat curious to know the particulars of what had passed, she suffered her to proceed in her own way.

"Madam," said she, "I am very sorry, extremely sorry indeed, that such a hurricane should have disturbed you indeed! It all began with that young lady not giving my Lord Jeremy his way they say, but I know no business as any Lord has to stop up my passage, and hinder any goes ins or goes outs. The lady served him quite right, and as he did come back, I am heartily glad he missed your ladyship's door, and discovered that wicked Colonel, who might be ashamed of himself at his years, to run after the

women, and moreover to bring his game here into a house as honest as any on the road! There was never such a thing happened here before, my Lady, and when he brought the young lady out of the ball-room up stairs here, he told chambermaid it was his daughter, as was faint with dancing. Only to think my Lady, of a gentleman telling such a fib, my Lady! and going into his own daughter's room after his base affairs! I shall never dare put a modest gentlewoman there no more, my Lady, for I shall expect some harm to happen to her! such a thing never was done before at the Hop Pole."

"Does the gentleman live in this neighbourhood?" asked Mrs. St. Arno.

"Oh dear, yes, my Lady! to be sure he does," replied the landlady, "and as pleasant a gentleman he is as ever called for a bottle of wine. Every body says that he has but one fault—his devotion to our sect, my Lady."

"What is his name, Madam?" said Mrs. St. Arno.

"His name ma'am! law ma'am 'tis the famous Colonel Liptrap, as paid five thousand down for his affair with Lady Charlotte ——, and who is so much with the gentleman in Wales, as lives at Rhanvellyn; and now that Mr. Rhanvellyn is out, he visits the new owner too, and knows every body of that there kind. And this poor thing, Mrs. Tilt, he has taken her to London, Lord bless me! I could cry, that it should have happened here; it may hurt my house."

"I dare say not," replied Mrs. St. Arno, "such accidents are too common to hurt any house."

How much longer this conversation might have continued, we cannot venture to say, had it not been interrupted by the appearance of Jarrener, who from his desire to tell all he knew of the last night's adventure, and to hear all he could of Anarella's father, was tempted to make

an earlier visit than he otherwise would have done. He was in the midst of a detail, that rather distressed Anarella, when the Apothecary, who had made up the prescription, sent in his name. Glad to get rid of a conversation that was far from pleasant, Mrs. St. Arno ordered him to be admitted, and Jarrener, who ought in common decency to have departed, sat obstinately still as if glued to his place. The gentleman soon made his appearance, but as he was of some importance in W——, where he had practised nearly thirty years, we will introduce him in a new chapter.

CHAP. V.

An antique Apothecary—And a modern fine Gentleman.

MR. HEARTBURN was a tall thin man, dressed in a suit of snuff-coloured cloth, in the fashion of his youthful days, and a large bushy wig, surmounted by a cocked hat. This he took off with great ceremony when he approached Mrs. St. Arno, and apologized in a formal way for intruding on her, but said, that it was his custom always to visit any patient at an inn, who sent him a prescription.

Mrs. St. Arno thanked him for the trouble he had taken, but added, that her niece was so much better, there was no necessity for her continuing her draughts.

"It is fortunate for the young lady, that such has been the potency of the me-

dicine, Madam!" replied Mr. Heartburn; "very fortunate! very, indeed! could not be more so! could not, indeed! I have had a worse case this morning: much worse, indeed! a very obstinate case! very obstinate, indeed! The sister to the young lady who has been playing the fool with Colonel Liptrap! I thought every body had known the Colonel's fame? Surely the husband, Mr. Tilt, was to blame, to allow the Colonel's attentions! The Colonel is one of the late Mr. Rhanvellyn's party! A pretty man, indeed! but too much addicted to gallantry!"

"How is Miss Fuzman, Sir? I think you said she was very ill?" asked Mrs. St. Arno.

"Very ill, indeed! very ill!" replied the apothecary: "the shock of her sister's misconduct is almost too much for her. I never met with a young lady of her age of so much purity! I vow to Heaven I could not have believed it! When I had brought her to herself, I was

obliged to satisfy her curiosity, by replying to questions I never had put to me in my life before, indeed! surprising purity, indeed! Do you know the lady, Ma'am?"

Mrs. St. Arno wished, if possible, to put an end to Mr. Heartburn's visit, and instead of replying directly to his question, she asked Jarrener, if he intended making any stay at W——, to which he replied in a very indecisive way. During this time, Mr. Heartburn was looking earnestly at Anarella, and exclaimed, as if involuntarily, "A surprising likeness, indeed! very surprising!"

"Sir?" said Anarella, not exactly hearing what he said.

"I only wondered, Madam, at the surprising likeness I perceived between your youthful beauties, and the more mature ones of this lady! Don't *you* think the likeness, Sir, surprising?"

This observation of Mr. Heartburn produced deep blushes on the cheeks of both Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, and Jarrener felt

convinced that Mrs. Fuzman's intelligence was correct: he determined, in his own mind, that Anarella was certainly Mrs. St. Arno's daughter, and, unless illegitimate, he could not imagine why she should be called niece. His curiosity was now roused, and he determined to satisfy it, by making once more an offer of his hand; if it was rejected, he thought he could provoke a discovery; if it was accepted, he should have a right to demand an explanation! if all was not right, he could declare off; if it was, he could justify Mrs. St. Arno.

Impatient of delay, and spurred on equally by curiosity and liking (for we can hardly call his passion for Anarella love), he turned to Heartburn, and said, "These ladies and myself, Sir, were discussing a business of importance when you came in! our time is limited, and we must, therefore, beg your excuse, if we request to be again alone." Upon this Mr. Heartburn arose, and withdrew, with

as much formality as he had entered, leaving Jarrener to a lecture on his want of politeness, to which he paid little attention. After a pause, he spoke thus: "I have before, Miss St. Arno, told you, that my mind has strong affinity for yours: and that I am persuaded nothing can neutralize the inclination I bear to you. When I made you the offer of my hand (an offer which few young women in my own rank of life would think of rejecting), Miss St. Arno, I had no reserves, either about fortune or family, or any thing else, though I did not then know any more than I do now, any thing of your family. Let me flatter myself that I am not now so very disagreeable to you, Miss St. Arno! I again offer myself and my fortune to your acceptance! do not again reject me!"

"Indeed, Mr. Jarrener," replied Anarella, "your renewal of such an offer surprises me almost as much, as the terms in which it is made! Your expressions

are little short of—— I won't use the word insult, but I might! Perhaps I am unlike the other young women you allude to, Mr. Jarrener; but, really, I must again reject you! I cannot feel towards you any thing like regard! I could not marry you, if you had a crown to offer me! As to family discussions, they are, of course, out of the question!"

"I cannot think so, Ma'am," said Jarrener, pettishly; "you know who *my* father was!"

"So you say, Sir," returned Anarella; "but if I did not, I should not ask, I assure you. If any curiosity of that kind prompted your offer of this morning, Mr. Jarrener, I am little obliged to you for it! You will know, one day, who *mine* was!"

"At least, I can guess who your mother is, Miss St. Arno!" said Jarrener, in an angry tone, and, fixing his eyes on Mrs. St. Arno, that good lady was about to reply, with a mildness his impertinence

little merited, but Anarella prevented her: she rose from her chair with quickness, and, motioning with her hand to Jarrener, to begone, she said, "Poor, foolish boy! go and vent thy folly and thy insults elsewhere! Never let the exalted virtue of Mrs. St. Arno be again insulted by thy base suspicions! I see through thy mind. I see thou hast formed a tale, and wantest to have it confirmed! Oh! how well dost thou justify my rejection of thy littleness."

Jarrener would have answered to this: he would have softened Anarella, but she was too indignant to listen to him, and he was, at last, obliged to depart, with an order not to come again into her presence. He was very angry, but he felt awed by Anarella's impressive manner, and conscious that he had behaved ungenteelly; and he cursed his own folly an hundred times, for leading him into a quarrel with Anarella. He, at last, however, comforted himself by recollecting, that she

was not his wife. "What would have become of me, if I had offended her after we were married?" said he, to himself; "she would have talked me down to an impalpable powder, and blown me out of the window! I'll think no more about her; but I am determined, if possible, to find out who this father of her's was! If her mother was an honest woman, why need she make a riddle of it! But women love riddles! They have not half the sense we lords of the creation possess!"

CHAP. VI.

Mrs. St. Arno pursues her Journey.—Anarella's Fright—And subsequent Flight.

THE unpleasant agitation Miss St. Arno had suffered since her arrival at W——, made her aunt solicitous to remain another night there, in order to afford her time to recover herself; but Anarella was suffering under great irritability, and impatient to move from the place. Though the day was extremely cold, and a sharp frost seemed set in, and likely to continue, Mrs. St. Arno ordered her carriage, and continued her journey without interruption or accident, and arrived, rather fatigued, at O——, where she remained all night. She proposed to Anarella, to stay the following day, and visit the various curiosities of the place; but, for the first

time in her life, Anarella had no curiosity! She seemed only desirous to reach London, and to dread nothing so much as delay. It was in vain that Mrs. St. Arno represented to her, that it made little difference to her, whether they were in London to-morrow, or the next day! that she urged the pleasure of visiting a place so renowned, and which they probably might not see again for many years! Anarella declared, that she was not able to observe, or even to look at any thing! that her only hope and wish was to breathe once more the air of Switzerland, and there to try to forget the events of the last three months. "I am sick in body," said she, "less than sick in mind! My heart is weighed down with a grief more poignant than my imagination ever formed! before it, my other sorrows vanish into air. I see them not, my dear aunt; for they carry no self-reproach with them. Oh! let us hasten from this country, that I may root the guilty passion from my bosom, and forget

that I have committed the unpardonable weakness of giving my affections unasked, and the crime of giving them to the husband of another. I cannot wish to deceive you, my best friend: this idea alone fills my mind; and it is not the passing view of trifles, that can divert it for a moment. A strong effort must and shall be made; but indulge me now: let us not stop! Let us reach London, quit it, and never, never return to this fatal island!"

In compliance with wishes so strongly urged, the indulgent aunt left O——d at an early hour the next morning, and would willingly have reached London the same night, had not Broadhead assured her, that one of her horses was almost knocked up; and that it was necessary to stop some time to recover it: the travellers accordingly halted at Windsor, where they did not arrive till a late hour, and retired to their apartment, which afforded them a look at the Castle, now rendered particularly grand by the stillness of

night, and the bright beams of the moon partially silvering its turrets.

The scene was in unison with Anarella's feelings, and, while her aunt was giving orders to her servants in the sitting-room, she herself drew aside the window-curtain of her chamber, and, wrapping a travelling cloak round her, opened the window, to view more clearly the habitation of afflicted royalty. So very wretched did her own reflections make her, that she almost envied the situation of those who forget their woes in complete distraction, and have no reflections to reproach them.

She had remained some time in this situation, when she heard a carriage, with four horses, drive into the yard, escorted by two out-riders armed, and in which, it appeared, there was a lady, for the landlady inquired of one of the men, if the lady would not alight, it was so piercing cold; to which he replied, in broken English, that the lady would pro-

ceed directly to Reading. He then ordered some mulled wine and biscuit, which he carried himself to the traveller ; and the carriage, with fresh horses, drove off at a furious rate. It had not been gone ten minutes, when another carriage arrived, from which alighted the Marquis of Hardenbrass. Anarella saw him distinctly, and heard his gentleman order horses to be ready at nine the next morning, to take him to Staines. The Marquis had somebody with him, but whom, she saw not ; she shut the window, and hastened to her aunt, who had been engaged with Broadhead and Dunn, and was just concluding her business with them.

Anarella told her in French what she had seen, and inquired whether she would object to go on to Staines with post horses. " For my own part," said she, " I shall be wretched to stay under the same roof with this man ; and after his infamous attempt, I think it dangerous to let him know where we are, and above all, that

we are in the house with him. The servants have not yet told our names, for they have been with you; let us keep them here, and leave the horses; Broadhead may fetch them, for I should not dare to leave him behind."

Mrs. St. Arno was not less alarmed than her niece at the idea of being thrown in the way of the Marquis, now when they had no male friend to defend them against his machinations, and with a promptitude better suited to her mind than her age or strength, she rung the bell, and inquired if she could have post horses on to Staines immediately. The waiter replied in the affirmative; the astonished domestics were ordered to pack up again what they had unpacked, the bill was paid, and Broadhead, not trusted out of the sight of his mistress, being compelled to abandon his horses to the care of strangers, was soon mounted on his box; in short, within half an hour the party was on the road to Staines, where they again took fresh

horses, and arrived at Hounslow, half starved to death.

The servants having received positive orders not to speak to any body, or address their ladies at all, accompanied them to the kitchen fire, where, while the ostler, with most provoking slowness, was getting fresh horses from the stable, they all stood and drank some hot ale, the only thing Mrs. St. Arno could immediately procure. The fear of being pursued and recognised had induced Anarella to lay aside her bonnet and put on a night cap, over which she tied a large muslin handkerchief that went in several folds round her head, and over that a red silk shawl that hung down so as almost to cover her face. She looked wild and haggard, and at every movement in the place, started and held fast by her aunt's arm.

Mrs. St. Arno herself was unintentionally disguised, for the coldness of the night had induced her to draw a cloak trimmed with fur over her bonnet, and this being

pinned under her chin, prevented either her figure or face from being seen. As to Dunn, she was more like a travelling cousin Betty, than any thing else, having guarded herself against the cold, by heaping on her person whatever she could find unpacked up.

The only persons now up in the inn, for it was between one and two in the morning, were the ostler and chambermaid, and a little humpbacked woman, who was the landlady's sister, and whose office it was to sit up till near three every night, in order to be ready to attend any travellers that might arrive. This personage, who had at first been received as a protogée by the landlord, had rendered herself so necessary and so useful to him, that she felt entitled to receive some further remuneration than a bare support for her services, and she accordingly claimed it; but neither her sister nor her brother-in-law being of her opinion, she was obliged to content herself, by turning every thing she

could to her own advantage ; and in the course of eighteen months she had amassed treasure enough to satisfy her with the refusal they had given her.

When our travellers entered the kitchen, she was sitting comfortably over the fire, with a butcher of the neighbourhood, who suspected that she must be growing rich, and who, being too delicate to observe a lady's deformities, took no notice of the hump on her back ! indeed, as he was a dealer in flesh, we cannot be certain that he might not like her the better for it. However this may be, he had for some time been in the habit of whispering soft nothings to this dulcinea ; and on the evening we speak of, he had stopped on his return from market, to warm himself with ale, and her with love. The entrance of the ladies necessarily interrupted the tête-a-tête, but as the carnificator perceived that the visitors said nothing, but drank their ale in silence, he thought proper to address them, expressing his wonder that

they dared to travel so late, now in these times, and in this part. "I can tell you, ladies, that odd things happen in these here parts," said he; "why it was no longer agone than this very afternoon, I was crossing the road up there, and so up to Giles' farm, and I seed two ladies like in a chaise, as you may be, though there be three heads of you, for sure; and I declare I seed two men stop the chaise, and they made one of the ladies get out, and carried her and her baggage off on their horses, near to the road that lays down to the great house there, and the other was off in a hurry to Brentford."

"Good God!" cried Anarella; then recollecting herself, she said, in French, to her aunt, "could this be the lady we saw at Windsor?"

"Aye, Miss," continued the half drunken butcher, "I hear you be a foraging lady, and so did the men seem, as took the other lady."

Anarella longed to ask why he did not

assist the lady, but she was not sorry to be mistaken for a foreigner, as in case of pursuit or inquiry, such an idea might be useful. She therefore gave no answer to the man; but Dunn, feeling offended to be supposed a foreigner, cried, "None of your sauce, good fellow," when she was stopped by her mistress, exclaiming, "Dunn!" in a voice much louder than she usually spoke in. This word, so pronounced, silenced Mrs. Dunn, and made the butcher and his fair mistress stare with astonishment, for they fancied that the old lady was swearing in a foreign tongue, and they afterwards agreed that they never heard a lady rap out an oath with more meaning in their lives. So easy is it to mistake what seems plain to our senses. At length the horses were put to, and after a bitterly cold ride, the party reached an hotel in Cork-street, where they were lucky enough to find accommodation, and where they all immediately went to bed.

CHAP. VII.

How a Woman keeps a Secret.—Mrs. St. Arno's Resolution.

THOUGH Mrs. St. Arno was not apprehensive that the Marquis of Hardenbrass was making Anarella the immediate object of his pursuit, she was by no means easy with respect to him or his future plans; for she rationally enough concluded, that if he thought any favourable opportunity of renewing his attempt more successfully presented itself, he would not be averse to make use of it. She had but one business in town that could possibly detain her more than two or three days, and in spite of the severity of the season, she determined, as soon as that was concluded, to set off instantly for Paris.

The thought of relieving Anarella's pre-

sent painful apprehensions, and diverting her mind to new objects, most occupied Mrs. St. Arno; and in the earnest wish to do this, she forgot all that had happened at Rose Cottage, and the probability there was that if any trace of the depredators was discovered, her presence might be necessary to their conviction. She forgot her own age, her liability to take cold, the danger of the passage, every thing but giving ease to Anarella, and restoring her to health and peace.

On the following morning she took a hackney coach, and, accompanied by Anarella, waited on Mr. Skin, who was engaged in his study on particular business, and requested that the ladies would either oblige him by calling again, or walk into the drawing-room. Mrs. St. Arno preferred the latter, and having ordered Broadhead to discharge the coach, and wait till she called for him, she went up stairs to the drawing-room. A servant mended the fire, and Anarella, whose

mind was much occupied, sat down on the sopha, and was soon lost in a most painful reverie.

The house of Mr. Skin, like the houses of most of our legal great men, was very magnificent, and the drawing-room exhibited an assemblage of curiosities from most parts of the world. India, China, Japan, New Holland, North and South America, had added their treasures in the forms of cabinets, vases, boxes, screens, shells, and natural curiosities of every kind; and Mrs. Skin, when she gave a party had the pleasure of hearing her visitors wonder at, and seeing them envy her possession of what she herself knew little or nothing about.

To Mrs. St. Arno these things afforded some amusement, and when she was tired with looking, she took up a pamphlet that lay on the table. She had not sat long when a violent knocking at the door announced visitors, and they were, she found, conducted into a boudoir which was sepa-

rated from the drawing-room, by a door-way, over which hung a handsome silk curtain. It would have been impossible to avoid hearing the voices of the visitors, if a door had interposed between the parties, for they spoke loud enough to defy even a modern wall; as it was, their conversation was distinctly conveyed to the ears of Mrs. St. Arno and her niece, and they wished heartily that Mr. Skin would summon them down stairs, that they might equally escape the unpleasantness of listening to conversation not intended for their ears, or of introducing themselves to Mrs. Skin, whom they had never seen, and obtruding on a party to whom they did not wish to be known. The first part of the conversation turned on the family of Mrs. Skin, which the visitors eulogized in the strongest manner, calling the children individually, sweet, divine, lovely, and surprising! and Mrs. Skin herself did not escape compliments, on producing and bringing up such paragons as the little Skins. The

eldest boy was pronounced to have an exceedingly singular cast of countenance for a child of his age—and the lady, who chiefly supported the conversation, said she had no doubt he would be Lord Chancellor. This the delighted mother asserted it was impossible to foresee, and unreasonable to expect! To which her friend replied, that stranger things than that occurred every day. "Indeed," said she, "my dear Mrs. Skin, both you and I know very well that most astonishing things do happen, for certain professional men see more odd circumstances than others. I got a little affair out of my good man last night, that I know has given him great uneasiness for a long time, but he never would tell me what it was! no, indeed, not he; I scolded, and begged and wheedled, and tried every thing I could to learn what he could mean by his exclamations when he fancied he was alone, and sometimes even in his sleep; nay, he used such

words; I began to think that he had done what he ought not to do!"

"Good heavens!" interrupted Mrs. Skin, "then it was very unkind in him not to confide in you!"

"So I told him," replied the lady, "I told him that even if his life was at stake, nobody had so much right to know it as myself, and that of course it was as much my interest to keep the affair secret as his, you know; but he has such a bad opinion of a woman keeping a secret! whenever he says any thing of that sort, I always tell him of Violante; that is a case in point, you know!"

"Very true," said Mrs. Skin, "but it is of no use my saying any thing to Mr. Skin; for though I know he has a perfect knowledge of the affairs of a relation of my own, and of course I am deeply interested about them—I cannot get a word from him; not a word—he keeps all to himself. But you heard, you said, what it was; nothing bad, I hope?"

" A very odd thing, I can tell you," replied the visitor, " but of course I should not mention it to any body but so intimate a friend, for if it was known, it might injure my husband very much ; and he told it me under a charge of secresy."

" I assure you, my dear, I shall not mention it," said Mrs. Skin, " it will be as safe with me as with you."

After a little more persuasion, and a few faint denials, that shewed she longed to unburthen her mind, she resumed as follows: " Well, then, dear Mrs Skin, the affair is this—It is now, I dare say; two years or more since my good man was called for out one night, and as I happened to be at a party, I knew nothing about where, or how ; but when I returned home, I was told he was not come in. However, before I was quite in bed, he came, and instead of undressing and getting into bed, as he generally does, he threw himself across the bed in his clothes, and there he lay without speaking a word. Well ! from

that time till last night, I never could persuade him to tell what had agitated him, not a word, as I said before. I heard him say in his sleep, one night, *save her life;* and I asked gently whose, but he only groaned, and said, *shoot!* You may think this frightened me!"

"Good heavens! to be sure," said Mrs. Skin.

"Well, and what do you think all this was?" continued the lady. "Why he almost lost his life on that night, for he was asked to murder a child! yes, he was, I assure you! and though he did not do it, he fears somebody might; and on his journey into W——shire, do you know, he met with the mother---at least so he thinks; a young unmarried woman in high life. His heart was so full of it when he came home, that at last I heard the whole secret!"

Mrs. and Miss St. Arno heard none of the exclamations that followed the indiscreet communication of Mrs. Bindwell;

who was in some degree related to Mr. Skin; they were exceedingly shocked at the mistake Mr. Bindwell had made, but yet not displeased to have discovered so important a person as the man who had delivered Lady Letitia; and they would instantly have departed to call on him, and undeceive him with respect to Anarella, whose delicacy was shocked to find her reputation in the power of such a woman as Mrs. Bindwell. But before they could even communicate their thoughts to each other, Mr. Skin summoned them to his study, where their business was soon dispatched, and Broadhead having called a coach, they deliberated whether they should return to their hotel and prepare for their departure, or go first to Mr. Bindwell. Mrs. St. Arno inclined to the latter opinion, as she thought the sooner Mrs. Bindwell was checked in her career the better, both for Haverill and her husband, and though she did not know that the good lady had

mentioned Anarella by name, it was not improbable that her husband might tell her, and in that case all the world would know it. She ordered the coach then to Mr. Bindwell's, charging Broadhead not on any account to mention her name, and she was fortunate enough to find him at home.

Mr. Bindwell received her politely, and surveyed Anarella very earnestly, so earnestly, that Mrs. St. Arno thought noticing it, would naturally introduce the subject she wished to discuss.

"May I request to know, Sir, what there is in the appearance of my niece, that occasions so narrow a scrutiny?" said she.

"I beg pardon, Madam!" returned Bindwell, fixing his eyes on Anarella, "but I think now, and I thought when I saw this young lady at W——, that her face was not unknown to me. I may be mistaken—I hope I am."

"You are, Sir, *much* mistaken," said Anarella.

"My visit to you this morning, Sir," said her aunt, "is intended to remove a false impression that I *know*, for I have *heard*, you entertain of my niece, whose life and character are as irreproachable as purity itself!" she then, to the great astonishment of Mr. Bindwell, related the accident that had made her acquainted with his opinion, and begged to know whether he had imparted the name of his niece to his wife. It would be impossible to describe the dismay of Mr. Bindwell at the discovery of his wife's imprudence, or his wonder at Mrs. St. Arno having discovered, since she heard no name, that it was of her niece he had been speaking; but she so far relieved him, as to tell him that she knew a sort of likeness subsisted, that had deceived him. "Sir," said she, "it is of no importance to *me*, but much to yourself, that no mention should be made of that scene that has led you into this mistake. I am ignorant whether you know the person who was

your employer or not, probably not, but you may be called upon some day by the injured to detail that scene! Let me entreat you then to put a stop to Mrs. Bindwell's false intelligence. The means you must be the best judge of; pray let them be efficacious. I am persuaded, a very few months will prove to you, that Miss St. Arno is not the person you seek, till then, do not asperse the innocent."

"I am convinced already, Madam," said Bindwell, "that I am mistaken, but it would oblige me much if Miss St. Arno would make me quite sure by shewing me her left arm. The lady she in some degree resembles, but not so much now, as when she wore a night dress, had a scar on her left arm, just beneath the elbow, and to that I could swear, though I could not to her face. As to my wife, I know not what method to pursue, nothing short of extracting her tongue will do, if the charge I gave her will not; it is the first time I ever trusted her, and it

will be the last. You may rely upon it, your names never have, and never shall be mentioned, and I will, as far as I can, again bury the whole in silence, till I am properly called upon to explain. I wish I was called upon—I wish that affair was elucidated."

Anarella condescended to shew him her arm, and after some further conversation the ladies took their leave, and gave place to Mrs. Bindwell, who returned just after their departure. She denied as long as she could, having imparted any thing to Mrs. Skin, but her husband was positive, and when he had made her confess the truth, he told her the whole was a falsehood meant to try her, and that her folly would perhaps ruin him, by making the world imagine that he wanted that indispensable qualification for a medical man, *secrecy*. Poor Mrs. Bindwell, cried and repented, but that was not enough, she was obliged to go and unsay all she had said, and it was sometime before she

discovered how it happened that her communication was overheard by two strangers. She never after conversed with Mrs. Skin, without searching the drawing-room.

CHAP. VIII.

Which shews how inveterate the Habit of Talking becomes.—Domestic Attachments.

FROM Mr. Bindwell's, our fair friends returned to their hotel for the purpose of taking some refreshment, and writing to Doctor Twentymen, as Mrs. St. Arno thought Mr. Haverill ought to be informed of the discovery she had made, that Mr. Bindwell was the person who had attended Lady Letitia: she wished likewise to assure her good host that she retained a due sense of his hospitable kindness, and friendly attention.

As they approached their sleeping-room, where they had left Dunn with employment enough, to keep her from seeking any society in the hotel, they heard her voice much elevated, and they imagined she was speaking very earnestly to

some person she must have invited into the room. Mrs. St. Arno felt much displeased, as she had particularly cautioned her against conversing with any body. She hesitated a moment at the door, to consider whether she should enter, or go into the sitting-room and ring for her, and as she stood, the following words met her ear: "It's more than any body shid go vor to respect, that folks can see all and say nothing, and I'd as leave eat off my tongue as be haffled and snaffled in this way. If ladies has their secrets, they might be sure servants has their share, and nothing but vhat's lawful and right too. Sich strange things has fallen out vith these here Stairnos, as never shewed their pissognomy all the time I lived vith my Lady Blunt! my mind is, they be all queer and not no more susceptible than they ought."

As Dunn pronounced the word *ought*, Mrs. St. Arno opened the door and walked in, expecting to see the chambermaid,

or some lady's maid, Dunn had met with; but what was her surprise, to find the good woman quite alone, and unpicking the dress Miss St. Arno had left her.

"To whom were you speaking, Dunn?" said the mistress.

"Me, Ma'am? Law Ma'am! I vas not a speaking no more than a sucking babe," replied the maid.

"I am certain that I heard you speak," said Mrs. St. Arno, "and you mentioned my name too."

"Law, Ma'am!" replied Dunn, "it's utterly humpushbull that I could be talking, for I has not had my heyes blessed vith the sight of a creetur since you give 'me this here tiresome job to undo. I think Ma'am you need not excuse me of talking, vhen you has tied me down here on purpose, as far as I knows or can sophisticate, to keep me from saying—I know what!"

"My dear," said Mrs. St. Arno to Anarella in French, "as we shall, I hope,

be able to quit London, at the farthest, the day after to-morrow, the best way will be to send this woman down to her own relations, at any rate, to part from her. She perceives that we have something to conceal, and too naturally concludes, that it is something to our discredit. Can you resolve to dispense with a maid till we reach Paris?"

"Willingly!" said Anarella. "I would rather leave her behind now, even if she were more to be depended on than she is."

"I suppose, ma'am," interrupted Dunn, "I may go down and get my dinner now! all the lady's maids are gone by this, they dines vith the mistress of the hotel."

"That dress must be finished," said Anarella, "I'll have your dinner brought up, it will save time." So saying, in spite of the black looks of Dunn, she rung and desired that the servant's dinner might be brought. After some little de-

mur this demand was complied with, and Anarella took Dunn's work while she was eating her meal with tears in her eyes. Mrs. St. Arno, in the mean while, wrote her letter to Doctor Twentymen, and sent it to the post by a waiter; she then despatched Broadhead by the coach to Windsor, with orders to be in town with his horses on the following evening; and having thus made her arrangements, she sat down with her niece to dinner. The man who waited upon them, said a person had been to inquire for the lady who came from Windsor; he had asked in the house, and did not find any lady there: he begged to be informed, whether, if the person came again, the ladies would choose to see him. The ladies looked at each other, and immediately thought that this must be some emissary of the Marquis of Hardenbrass, who probably had traced them to the hotel. Mrs. St. Arno replied, that the person could not possibly want her, and that of course

she did not wish to be troubled if he should call again.

It was Mrs. St. Arno's intention to begin her journey to Dover on the next morning but one, as she had only a few arrangements to make with Mr. Skin and her banker; and she employed the rest of the evening in making memorandums, and assorting her packages, so as to leave as little as possible to be done on the morrow. She and Anarella were in bed at an early hour, and in order to keep Dunn quiet, they put her in a closet adjoining to their own apartment. They had but one fear, that of being either directly or indirectly assailed by the Marquis of Hardenbrass, and they looked forward to the next day but one with an impatience, which, perhaps, our readers, at least, those who have not suffered under an imaginary evil, with some reason for its apprehension, cannot well suppose.

As Anarella was undressing herself she

recollected the picture Haverill had left in her hands, and regretted that she had not returned it under cover to him, while at H——, but it was now too late! she had no alternative but to keep it in her own possession, or to give it to her aunt! she wisely and virtuously preferred the latter, and as she put it into the hand of the kind old lady, she accounted to her for having it on her person. Mrs. St. Arno received it in silence, and deposited it in a box, where she kept papers.

As soon as breakfast was over, on the following morning, the ladies again visited Mr. Skin, and made their definitive arrangements with him; they then drove into the city, and alighted at their bankers. As they were concluding their business there, they were surprised by the appearance of Lord Jeremy Grinwell and Mr. Jarrener, who seemed equally surprised to see them. He accosted them, however, with as much ease as if his last interview had been quite agreeable and

friendly, and asked Anarella where she was going. To this question she returned no answer, indeed she looked at him as though she did not know him.

"Well!" cried my Lord, "this is the Hop-Pole over again! what, the pretty lady is too coy to speak!"

Mrs. St. Arno, guessing who the noble speaker was, addressed the gentleman with whom she was transacting business, and expressed her surprise, that he did not take better care to protect ladies from insult. "I could not imagine, Sir," said she, "that you had allowed the rabble to be impertinent with impunity! this man is a mere *groom*, I fancy!" then turning to her niece, she said, "I have done, my dear," and hastened to her coach.

Nothing could exceed the mortification of Lord Jeremy at this cool reproof, and it was not rendered more palateable by the grins of the clerks, who unanimously stuck their pens in their ears, and for a

moment forgot their figures to contemplate Lord Jeremy.

That noble youth, long after the ladies had departed, stood swearing tremendous oaths on the spot where Mrs. St. Arno had left him, and appealed to Jarrener and others, whether he looked like a groom or not. No one ventured to say he did, though every body looked as if they would have liked to say so; and so deep an impression did his behaviour make on the house, that he was ever after called there, my Lord Groom, or *the* Groom.

If my Lord was mortified, Jarrener was not less so, and not considering how very insultingly he had behaved to both aunt and niece, he felt a most lively resentment against them, for what he termed ungrateful impertinence; so far his feelings were in unison with Lord Jeremy's, and the two young gentlemen nobly resolved to plague Anarella whereever they met her, till she chose to behave more civilly to them. Warmed by

this magnanimous resolution, they returned to the banker's, to ask the lady's address; but the banker assured them that he did not know where she resided. For this answer Lord Jeremy cursed him, as well as his own stupidity, in not taking the number of the coach; but he did not doubt that he should meet her in public, and then, he said, he would nick her completely.

The meeting with these young men was very unpleasant to Miss St. Arno, though she did not apprehend that they would be at the trouble of inquiring her out, and she and her aunt reached their hotel without further molestation. Their next business there was to send off Dunn, who received a quarter's wages, a written character, and a present sufficient to pay for her board during the next three months. When she found she really must go, she cried and tragedized amazingly; as if such an idea had never occurred to her before; but all would not

do, she was forced to submit, with a promise, however, that if she was disengaged when the ladies came from a little excursion they were about to make, she should be again received into the family. "However," said Mrs. St. Arno, "do not refuse a place on my account, for it may be a great length of time before I return! The only fault I have to find with you, Dunn, and indeed for which I part from you is, the little command you have over your tongue. When I desire my household to be silent, I expect that they will be so, and that without any indecent reflections, or impertinent suppositions to my disadvantage. If you could learn to be silent, you would be a valuable servant! but so inveterate is your habit of talking, that you talk even when alone!"

Mrs. Dunn, however, did not choose to go into the country, she rather preferred trying to procure a place in London, and that very afternoon Mrs. St. Arno

put her in a coach, and sent her to the house of a distant relation, a poulterer, in White-Chapel, where she proposed taking up her residence.

The ladies now thought they had settled every thing, as they doubted not Broadhead's ready consent to go to the Continent; in this, however, they were disappointed, for he said he never had, nor he never would, cross the sea, and in consequence of his adhering to this resolution, they were under the necessity of commissioning Mr. Skin to dispose of their horses, and taking post-horses themselves; with these they set off early the next morning for Canterbury, where they intended to sleep, and to which place we will attend them in a new chapter.

CHAP. IX.

What happened to Mrs. St. Arno on her Journey towards Dover.

The frost was intense, and the morning very cold, on which Mrs. St. Arno began her journey to Dover, rejoicing for her dear Anarella's sake, that they had been enabled to quit London without being molested by the Marquis, or subjected to any further impertinence from the Fuzman's or Jarrener; they longed to arrive within sight of the Cliff, that has been immortalized by the prince of bards, and to view from the heights of Dover the white hills of unhappy France, to which they were hastening as a place of refuge. The horses seemed to sympathize with their impatience; they were rough shod, and they flew towards Dartford with a rapidity that revived Anarella. As soon

as she breathed the pure air of Kent, and found herself fairly out of London, her countenance brightened, her respiration was more free, and for the first moment since her interview with Lady Letitia, she felt a pleasurable sensation.

"I know I feel that I shall be better in another country than in this where Major Haveril resides!" said she. "In a place where I can have neither dread nor expectation of seeing any body who has known either him, or any creature who has heard of him! in a land where the language he has conversed in, is not spoken, and where the total difference of manners cannot by any chance remind me of him! I am a weak creature, my dear aunt! very weak! not wilfully so, however. It is my sincere wish, not to forget him, that is impossible; but to think differently of him, and to be restored to my own good opinion. Let us then, since our presence is not required where we had expected it would! let us try in

Paris to join in the amusements of the day, and to make artificial ties, that may perhaps weaken those that at present are but too real! too real and too agonizing to be borne with patience.

"Agreed," said Mrs. St. Arno, "and I trust we shall meet with some of our continental friends there, who will certainly interest us. Take courage, my Anarella, you are already more your own mistress than you were; you speak of Haverill and his wife with less pain than you did eight-and-forty hours ago, and I am confident all will soon be well."

It seemed to Anarella, that her aunt was a true prophetess, and the spirits flowing from the hope of relief she hailed as a good omen. They had reached Shooter's Hill, when they met a gentleman on horseback, who was ascending as they went down. He looked earnestly at them, as if struck by Anarella's animated countenance, and indeed, while gazing, took so little care of his horse,

that the animal having been startled by the driver suddenly cracking his whip, set off full speed, and in spite of the efforts of his rider threw him. His servant alighted to assist him, and Mrs. St. Arno ordered the driver to stop, and herself went to inquire whether he was much hurt. She found him quite insensible, and from the circumstance of his having lost his hat before he fell, she feared that he had received an injury on the brain, or materially hurt his head. No other carriage making its appearance, she caused his own man and the driver to convey him to her chaise, in which she carried him to an inn at no great distance. The landlord had him placed on a bed, and sent off to Dartford for a surgeon, while another messenger was dispatched to London, and a third sent to his own residence, which the innkeeper said was at no great distance.

Mrs. St. Arno remained in the carriage while the horses were put to, and Anarella

seeing the landlady at the door, asked what the gentleman's name was

"Haverill, Ma'am! it's the famous Mr. Haverill that has just bought the South D—— estate. He was down here now, and I suppose must have been going to town. But would not your Ladyship take something, you look very tired and ill; we have coffee ready; won't detain your Ladyship a minute, if you will take a cup."

Mrs. St. Arno desired that coffee might be brought, if it was ready; and the landlady having for once spoken truth, the coffee soon made its appearance. After this little refreshment, the ladies proceeded to Gravesend, and could not help, during their ride, wondering at the singular chance that had made Anarella, in some measure, the cause of Mr. Haverill's accident. They formed half a dozen suppositions respecting the effect the death or incapacity of the father would have on the fate of the son, and

this subject was not exhausted when they reached that part of the road which gives a commanding view of the Thames and the Medway, scenery that attracted their attention, spite of the interest they took in the subject of their conversation.

Mr. Haverill's accident having detained them some time, they determined not to stop at all till they reached Canterbury, which they were anxious to do before dark, as they were now without a domestic, and feared any accident on the road. From Rochester then they departed at a good pace, and continued their journey without the occurrence of any thing remarkable, till in the evening they arrived on the summit of a high hill, which gave them a fine view of Canterbury and the surrounding country. "No pilgrim," said Mrs. St. Arno, "ever rejoiced more to see this view than I do, and I trust, if we ever again visit this venerable city, my Anarella, it will be on a happy occasion! when I shall have

to rejoice, and not to condole with my child. Certainly I did hope, that our residence in this country would have been productive of good, and have removed some of the anxieties I cannot but feel for you, my dear; but Heaven has decreed otherwise, and provided we suffer no permanent evil from our visit to our native soil, we must not complain."

"I don't complain of any body but myself," replied Anarella: "what I most wish, is to be restored to my own good opinion. With respect to my circumstances and situation, a very few years, I should imagine, will determine that; and in the mean time, I possess every thing in you, my dearest aunt: indeed, I think I am grown indifferent about every subject but one, and provided I have food and raiment, I shall try to be therewith content."

"You are a young philosopher, my dear," said the aunt, "and you, naturally enough, feel now what you express; but

you will not always be so indifferent to the good things of this life. 'Those advantages you were born to, and your own establishment at ——"

"Bless me!" interrupted Anarella, "there is a poor creature lying on the side of the road! she will be starved to death such an evening as this! Stop, driver! pray stop! do let us ask if she is ill!"

The man stopped as soon as the declivity would allow him, and Anarella alighting went up to the woman, who appeared not only benumbed, but exceedingly weary. She seemed of the professed tramping tribe, being clothed in rags that once had been black, but by good bleaching in the sun and air were become of the true mud colour. She was disgustingly dirty, and looked almost dead. Anarella, however, rubbed her temples, and there being no alternative, but either to leave her to starve, or to take her into the carriage, our compassionate travellers chose the latter, and

conveyed their new companion to the inn where they stopped.

When they reached the door, Mrs. St. Arno asked if the woman was known, and ordered her to be taken care of. "Known, my Lady!" replied the landlord, "yes, as well known as I am! Why, it's the famous Betty B——, who has lots of money, and her nieces will owe you no good-will for saving the old hunks. If your Ladyship will have her brought in, my Lady, it's all very well, my Lady; but I think, as she haves a house of her own, the fittingest thing is to send her home, my Lady; but just as your Ladyship orders, my Lady."

Before Mrs. St. Arno could make any reply, a respectable looking clergyman, who was passing, answered, "If you carry her home, Potts, she'll surely die; for you know she has neither fire nor candle, and she is now incapable of helping herself! Poor wretch! however she

may be to blame for her avarice, she is now in a pitiable situation !"

"Yes, pray take her in," said Mrs. St. Arno, following the master of the inn, "and let her have such restoratives as are necessary; they may be added to my bill."

"That's another matter, my Lady," replied the cautious publican, "if your Ladyship says, 'Clap to,' it's all very well, and she shall have a glass of the best my house affords, and no house on the road has better of every sort, though I say it, as should not say it, my Lady! But you see, my Lady, if as how it was for to be that you left old Mumps to pay it, why my liquor would be gone, and I might search the kennel for pay: seeing as how she has not a rag upon her bag of bones that any body would touch with tongs to throw into a bonfire."

By this time the whole party, including the clergyman, were arrived in the

kitchen, where the old woman was deposited on a truss of straw at a distance from the fire, and the clergyman put a glass of port wine by teaspoonfuls into her mouth. It was not long before she began to revive, and as soon as she did, she had other refreshment given her, which she swallowed in silence: at length she spoke, asking the clergyman, by the name of Mr. F——, how she came there. He satisfied her, and she immediately fixed her eyes on Mrs. St. Arno, and said, "Umph!" She then began to feel about her clothes, as if to inquire if she had been robbed of any thing, and, attempting to rise, said she would go home. Mr. F—— told her, that it would be unsafe for her to venture alone, as she might faint again. "No, no!" said she, "I have got something to eat now: it was hunger that overcame me. I should have defied the cold alone." Then, without once thanking those who had saved her life and succoured her, she

made the best of her way out of the kitchen, leaving Mrs. St. Arno in a state of astonishment.

Mr. F—— perceived this, and accosted her, saying, "This good lady, Ma'am, is a very singular character, and I sometimes wish that my father had known her; he would have done justice to her! nobody else can."

"Bless me, Sir!" said Anarella, "is it possible that you should be the son of that inimitable author! that prince of novelists! What a pleasure for me to have seen any of the family!"

This introduction led to an invitation to Mr. F—— to take his dinner with the ladies, and he was so well pleased with them, that he did not refuse. The party adjourned to an apartment, where Mr. F—— amused his new friends with anecdotes of Mrs. Betty B——, and several other characters, in a strain of Cervantic drollery, that we cannot, even at humble distance, affect to depict, and which he

probably inherited from his immortal father. Some part of his communication we shall, however, give to the reader in our own words; and if he has the patience, or the politeness, to follow us to another chapter, he will discover what they are; if not, he must lay down or shut up the book, or pass on to other matter.

CHAP. X.

Who Mrs. St. Arno met at Canterbury, and some Account of Mrs. Betty B.—— Next door neighbours.

MR. F— informed the ladies that the person they had rescued from starvation, whose countenance exhibited the image of want and misery, and whose whole dress would not have sold for sixpence to a Jew, was the daughter of a gentleman in the county of Kent, and one of an ancient family. Of the events of her early life Mr. F—— knew but little; she possessed a small independence, increased by her parsimony, which at length became extreme.

For her support she depended on the pity or cupidity of her acquaintances or friends, as they called themselves, and there were several houses, where Mrs.

Betty was always sure of a welcome to dinner once a week, though she was so disgustingly dirty, that nothing with a less avaricious disposition than herself could have submitted to eat with her; and from others she received dishes of meat, and pudding, and basins of soup. To some of these kind friends she behaved insolently ill, taking care at the same time to give them a strong hope of possessing her growing wealth, whenever God should call her hence.

Instead of keeping her wealth by her, and making a hoard as some misers do, Mrs. Betty took care every half year to buy all she had saved into the funds, and in order to avoid expence, and the danger of employing an agent, she herself walked from Canterbury to London to receive her dividends, and make her purchases, and subsisted during her journey on the chance charity she met with. At many farm houses on the road, she was regularly relieved with a bit of bread, or a

piece of cold pudding and a little skim milk, and she had a wallet in which she carefully preserved the remnants of her treasures, that nothing might be wasted. She boasted that she could travel to London and back without expending a penny, and she generally contrived to beg a pair of old shoes, so that she was in every sense of the word a gainer by the journey. At the time Mrs. St. Arno met with her she had been less fortunate than usual, and was literally faint from hunger.

In the early part of her life she had not been insensible to the tender passion, and the object of her affection, was as remarkable as herself for his devotion to Plutus. But though such a taste and disposition might have assured her that her riches would not be wasted, she could not reconcile to herself the idea of making any other individual master of what was in her own possession; and during many years this pair of originals continued faithful to each other, without bringing

their amour to a conclusion. At last the lady bethought herself of a method of satisfying both her tender aspirations and her avarice, and she found no opposition on the part of her inamorato.

This pair of lovers set off together on foot for London, to which place they begged their way, and when they arrived in the great city, they procured to be joined together in holy matrimony in a parish where they had made no residence: they then returned to Canterbury, in the same manner as they had gone from it, and from that time lived together as man and wife, though the lady always protested to the contrary, asserting that they were not married, and that it was pure platonic friendship. The husband kept his word to Mrs. Betty, who indeed had taken care, that he should have no right to claim what belonged to her, as the marriage was not lawful, and the refinements of avarice were never better practised.

Mrs. Betty being the best miser of the

two, contrived to make her usual charitable supply of provisions which had served one, serve two; and her beloved mate, who had fared better as a single man, soon began to feel the effects of scanty fare. He boasted, and with reason, that he could live on as little as any man, but he could not quite live on nothing, and he gradually wore away, till one night he fairly gave up the ghost, and ceased to breathe.

He had been for some weeks so very quiet, that Betty, who never burnt a candle, did not perceive what had happened, and as it was in winter, it was late the next morning before she discovered her loss. Like a sensible woman, instead of weeping and wailing, she began to turn in her mind the best method of disposing of all that remained of her husband, and she could not help wishing that the event had happened in London, as then she could have done what she most wished to do, sold his body to the surgeons. Per-

haps she would by some means have contrived it even situated as she was, but a neighbour who flattered herself that she should inherit Mrs. Betty's wealth, and frequently had her at her table, came in, and finding how the case stood, offered to be of use to her in any way she could.

The disconsolate widow thanked her, and protested that she did not know what to do! she had no money, nor could she be at any expense! the parish must bury Mr. C——! he was but a lodger with her, and all the effects he had left were not worth half a crown. The parish officers were applied to, and received from Mrs. B—— all the effects of the deceased, consisting of what had once been a suit of clothes, two ragged shirts that had not been washed for six months, and a pair of shoes he had by dint of mending worn forty-five years, having bought them at first of a cobler second hand. These things with an old night cap were rejected, as Mrs. Betty supposed they

would be, by the officers, as of no value, and a shell and a shroud were sent for the deceased. Willing to perform the last duties to her lord, this tender female rejected all offers of sitting up with the corps; she watched it herself, by sleeping by its side, and when it was put into the coffin and screwed down, she contrived to unscrew it, and steal the shroud, of which she made a very comfortable petticoat.

These circumstances are among the principal of those recounted to Mrs. St. Arno by Mr. F——; but he added many other minute particulars, which we will not occupy our reader's time by repeatinng: they may perhaps be glad to know that some time after this meeting, Mrs. Betty died in consequence of too long an abstinence, and never having been able to summon resolution to pay for a will, her thousands, (for her accumulations amounted to a considerable sum) were divided by her relations whom she had

always hated; and all those flatterers, who had fed her at the expense of comfort, were disappointed. Nobody pitied them! on the contrary, the world was merry at their cost, and not a little amused with their mortification.

When Mr. F—— had concluded his account of Mrs. B——, he gratified Anarella, by conversing about his father's works, and was not a little gratified, to find that his new acquaintances could feel their beauties. "With respect to portraits," said he, "my father has, I believe, been most unjustly accused, of impaling living characters, and holding them up to the scorn and ridicule of the world. I believe no man was more free from malignity than my father; and his only acknowledged portrait, is one held up to admiration. The truth is, that my father knew human nature, and, perhaps, every character he has drawn might suit many originals. A curious circumstance happened a few years ago, of which this sub-

ject reminds me, ladies; and I will recount it. I was in London with my two eldest boys, and, being always glad to see all sights that cost nothing, I took them to L——n's shop. While they were mounting the stairs, I inquired for an edition of my father's works, which, by-the-bye, I did not expect to find, and the bookseller answered, that they had not it, but that a new edition was about to be published, with a key to the characters. Indeed! said I; and pray may I ask, who is so well informed as to furnish such a key? The man pointed to a gentleman at no great distance, at the same time putting the advertisement for the edition into my hand, and informing me, that the gentleman had received the key in the author's hand-writing, from his son, Mr. F——, of ——; and that it would soon appear. 'Sir,' said I, 'if that gentleman, or any other, tells you so, depend upon it he deceives you. I myself possess all the papers left by that author, and

you would not give me three-pence for what I have. He never wrote a key, nor would any of his family furnish one; and, if any man has the effrontery to publish such a key, I shall think it my duty to expose his forgery to the world.' I suppose, ladies, this had the desired effect, for the edition was published without the key."

The ladies found Mr. F——'s conversation so amusing, that they regretted when he took his leave, which he did soon after dinner; and he, on his part, was gratified by their admiration of his father, and their polite attention to himself.

"This conversation," said Mrs. St. Arno, when he was gone, "is one of those passing pleasures, that sometimes steal in, even during distressing periods of our lives! I'm sure we are much indebted to Mrs. Betty B——; and a very unpleasant adventure has terminated most agreeably. You talk of omens, my dear

Anarella; why should not this be one? Why should you not suppose that it prognosticated a happy termination to your present laudable effort, to overcome an ill-placed affection? I do not despair of seeing you attached, where no regret need lurk, my dear child; and a few months may gratify my wishes in that respect."

"Perhaps," said Anarella, sighing: "they say the best way to cure one passion, is to turn it on another object; but I am not of that opinion. To own the truth, I do not wish to be attached, and, if I can follow my own inclination, I shall live single. I should choose to marry an Englishman, if I marry at all; and I am going into a country, where I shall meet chiefly foreigners. Let me beg, my dear aunt, that no idea of giving me a protector, may induce you to press me on this subject! I am yet very young, and I am too happy with you, to wish for any other protection!" Mrs. St. Arno made no reply to this, but by kissing her niece; and

the two ladies soon after retired to rest, having ordered horses to be ready early the next morning. The great bodily and mental fatigue Mrs. St. Arno had suffered, began now to produce its natural effects, and, in proportion as the stimulus to exertion died away, by their near approach to the sea coast; and, as she apprehended Anarella's consequent safety, she grew languid and weary, and was very happy to endeavour to procure some repose: but repose would not be persuaded to visit her, till after the cathedral clock had, with a sullen sound, struck one, and the various noises in the inn began to subside. Anarella, too, was awake till near the same hour; but she forbore to let her aunt know that she was so, as she was certain it would make her imagine she was not well. At last, however, they both fell asleep, and had continued so about an hour, when the arrival of a coach, and the conducting the passengers to their different apartments, awoke them again, and,

as they could not shut their ears to the noise this occasioned, their only resource was to wait patiently till it subsided. They heard various movements, and, at last, the door of a small apartment, which was next to theirs, and which was separated from it only by a thin, temporary partition, opened, and the chambermaid conducted into it a lady and her maid.

"What a wretched cold night it is! and what a vile room this is, for a person of my rank!" exclaimed the lady; "I never suffered such inconvenience in my life; and now I am running away from I know not what! Why should I fear Lady Letitia? I had nothing to do with the affair. I only lent my house! *You* know best what was done within her apartments! I am out of patience with my own folly, to be hurried off by Hardenbrass! Perhaps he means to accuse me of his own crimes! as if I had not suffered enough by his devilish arts! I tell you, Corner, I could tear the monster,

when I think what a dupe he made of me! Would I had him here! He deals in murder: he might learn something yet that he knows not! Would he was here!"

"The Lord forbid! and preserve your ladyship from committing so foul a sin!" replied a whining, sanctified voice; "before grace filled your noble soul, it was natural the carnal should prevail! but now you can sin no more! Sin hath no more dominion over you! Oh!" with a sigh, that seemed as if it rent her heart in twain!

"Cursed hypocrite! don't groan here!" said the lady; "save your groans for the tabernacle! Oh! how I detest the whole scheme of hypocrisy! but Hardenbrass sinks all he touches so low, there is no other chance for even a blind to the world."

"He may yet be saved!" whined Mrs. Corner; "I have seen him repent when the deed was done. But, my lady, you know *we* knew nothing! He promised

we should never come into trouble; and I don't see why we should be sent off such weather as this. If there is an inquiry, the Lord will protect his saints! Shall I give you the laudanum, my lady?"

"Yes; any thing to drown thought, and procure rest!" replied her ladyship. "He says, he'll come to me! but, unless justice pursues him—— I tell you what, Corner; we won't go abroad! I don't believe Lady Letitia can make any thing of it, if she tries; for what witnesses has she? We will stay in England! I have no objection to go abroad, but I hate to be forced."

"But, my lady, you took the money of the Marquis, to convey us to France, and we shall have no more if we stay here," said Corner.

"I wish I had not been so complaisant to the villain, as to lend my house," returned the lady; "but I was absent. What could I know of what was done? I did not see the scene!"

To this, Mrs. Corner returned a deep sigh; and, having administered a dose of laudanum to her lady, she took another herself, and then hastened to a sort of couch in the same room, as both she and the lady had a particular dislike to be alone. What further happened, we shall relate in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

An Express, and a new Arrival: with various other Matters, very interesting and moving.—Music.

THE conversation we have related in the last chapter, threw Mrs. St. Arno into a state of great perplexity, as she hesitated whether it would not be incumbent on her to apply to a Magistrate and prevent so material a witness for Lady Letitia, who, it seemed from what had passed, was about to prosecute the Marquis, from quitting the kingdom. It now appeared evident that Hardenbrass was apprehensive of something on the part of those he had injured, by removing so carefully such people as had been privy to his proceedings, and indeed there were so many of that description, that it seemed wonderful the whole of his iniquities had not transpired;

had he been less opulent and powerful, he would have been long before exalted, by the finisher of the law.

Mrs. St. Arno consulted with Anarella in a whisper, respecting the proper mode of conduct to be pursued, and at last they concluded that it would be impossible for any magistrate to detain Mrs. Corner or the lady who accompanied her, on such information as they could give. All they thought they could do was to write to Doctor Twentymen, to inform him that these females were on their way to Dover, and they determined to send the letter by an express.

It was now between two and three o'clock in the morning, and the people in the house had retired to rest; it was evident enough that any movement in their own apartment must be distinctly heard in Mrs. Corner's, and of course great difficulties, to avoid giving an alarm, presented themselves to our travellers. They lay considering of the necessity of procuring

the express instantly, to avoid losing a moment, and dreading to move, lest either their neighbours should be disturbed and alarmed, or they should themselves meet with something unpleasant. At last Anarella got up and put on her clothes and dressing-gown; she then lighted her candle at the rushlight, and placed her little writing-box on the bed before her aunt, who sat up to write her letter. It was determined that Anarella should ring the bell, and that when the chambermaid came, as doubtless she would do immediately, she should take her into a sitting room, and give the necessary orders.

The bell accordingly was rung, and Anarella listened for the woman's approach, which she heard after the lapse of what she thought half an hour, though, in fact, it was hardly ten minutes. As soon as the footsteps approached the door, Anarella took the candle, and met the woman in the passage, making a motion to her to be silent. She then went to the

room in which they had dined, and told her that she must call a waiter and send to the post-office instantly for an express. "The case is urgent," said Miss St. Arno; "the man must use the greatest dispatch, and when he comes, you may tap at my door, without speaking, as my aunt cannot bear the slightest noise within the room. I will have the packet ready for him."

"Good Lord, Miss!" cried the woman, "why if the old lady be ill, we have doctors enough starving here; you needs not to send a lad a galloping no where else; she may be dead as a herring before he be out of hearing of St. Peter's! sich whims!"

"Do as you are bid," replied Anarella, "a delay may be fatal, woman! go instantly! I will wait here till you come to tell me the waiter is gone."

The woman muttered something about hearts of stone, and went out; and Anarella waited, as she had said she would,

shivering, partly with cold, and partly with apprehension of she knew not what. But she was warm in the cause, for she thought she was doing Haverill a service; and the sensation this idea produced, was sweeter than any she had experienced since she quitted him. "Poor Haverill," said she to herself, "how hard is his fate!" and she could not help dropping a tear, perhaps partly for her own. She was very cold, but thought it better to remain than to run the risk of the woman awaking her neighbours, and she bore the cold as heroically as she could. She paced backward and forward in the room, to prevent any ill effects from the severity of the weather, and listened at every turn for the approach of the chambermaid. She had placed the candle on the chimney-piece, and was standing so that the light fell full upon her face, when footsteps approached, and a woman, with a light in her hand, and nothing on but her shift, entered the room. Anarella conjectured that she was a som-

nambulator, and fearful of awaking her, she remained fixed in her position. At last the person placed her foot on the marble hearth, and instantly awoke. She fixed her eyes on Anarella, at first with surprise, then with horror, and in a voice that was hardly articulate with fear, she exclaimed, "Don't ask *me*, it was himself!"

"Who?" asked Anarella, with great presence of mind, guessing that this could be no other than Mrs. Corner.

"Hardenbrass," said the woman; "I helped you—oh, don't bring *me* in! but perhaps you are a spirit?" with evidently increased emotion.

Anarella heard the waiter coming, and equally glad to escape from Corner, to be mistaken for a spirit, and to conceal the situation of the unhappy woman, she snatched up her candle and glided out of the room, leaving Corner fixed to the spot, and unable to follow her. She gave the man his message, and then went to her aunt to seal up the packet, and await the arrival of the

express, telling the chambermaid that there was a person who had walked in her sleep in the sitting room. To her great relief, she heard Corner reconducted to her apartment by the chambermaid, before the express came, and had therefore an opportunity of giving him his orders unobserved by any one. Before all this was concluded, it was already early in the morning, and the woman in the next room, instead of remaining quiet, kept repeating to herself, "It was her spirit, I'm sure! Oh Lord, defend me! it bodes me no good! the evil one is at work!" and sundry other exclamations, that depicted strongly the state of her mind. It was then impossible for Mrs. and Miss St. Arno either to rest or to converse, and about half.past six they rose, and ordered their bill, and the horses to be put to. While some breakfast was preparing, they walked to the post-office, to pay for the express, and re-entered the inn just as a chariot, drawn by four horses, arrived. Anarella

had curiosity enough to turn her head as she went, up stairs, and perceived Mr. Jarrener and Lord Jeremy Grinwell alight.

Lord Jeremy was wrapped in a huge travelling coat, so befurred up to the ears, and a travelling cap, so befurred downwards, served so well to conceal his face, that if he had not spoken, Anarella would not have recognised him; he did not, however, leave her in doubt, for he asked after her in the following terms:—"Landlord, have you two women here from London? an old bitch, and a young one!"

"Good God, my Lord!" said Jarrener, interrupting the landlord, whose eyes were hardly open, "how should you expect to find Mrs. St. Arno by that description?"

"How?" replied Lord Jeremy, "damn me, an't they all bitches? blue bitches! and a fool I am to follow them to please you!"

The landlord, who was a wag in his

way, now bowed very low, and said, if his Lordship would walk in, he would find bitches of all kinds on the premises.

"Damn you, you scoundrel, what do you mean by that?" cried my Lord, kicking him on the face, "I'll teach you to mock nobility, you infernal jackanapes."

This address, lingual and pedestrian, brought a torrent of blood from the nose of the landlord, who, in return flew upon his adversary, and seizing him by the only feature visible, almost wrung off his nose.

And now the goddess discord, who probably (for we speak not with certainty,) had been returning from some night fray, happened to pass that way, and espy the fair opportunity the situation of things afforded her for indulging her favourite passion, and exercising her genius--and instantly determining on her measures, she entered the field, or inn-yard, under the form of Boots, who was passing through the yard with an oil bottle that he had

been thawing, and seeing his master engaged with two at once, for Jarrener attempted to succour his friend, he dashed the whole contents of the bottle into the face of that young gentleman, who, however, did not receive all that was intended for him; he shared it with his friend, Lord Jeremy.

Some believe that a stormy sea may be appeased and smoothed by pouring oil on its boisterous waves, and though we cannot assert that we ever saw the experiment tried, we are far from venturing to contradict the assertions of any set of philosophers; we can only say, that in the present instance, the oil had no such softening influence—it rather acted as if poured on the flames, for the battle raged with double fury, and what had at first been a casual rencontre, became a regular combat. On one side were the landlord and his merrymen all, consisting of the magnanimous boots, a driver, a waiter, and his wife, who had been disturbed at the

commencement of the fray, and now made her appearance in a loose bedgown, and armed with the first thing that presented itself on her descent, a pair of bellows; and on the other, Lord Jeremy, his friend Jarrener, their two valets, and the post-boy who had driven them. Various were the events and the fortunes of the day, and it would fill a volume to recount all the manœuvres and proofs of skill exhibited on either side! While the landlord in one part had jammed Lord Jeremy up against a pump, and was saluting his jaws with blows that made them crack like hollow nut-shells, and belabouring his lordly breast, where doubtless every virtue dwelt, or at least, was by courtesy supposed to be privileged to dwell; his lady, in another, was treating the French valet with a tune on the bellows, that made his limbs quiver again. By great good fortune for her, Monsieur had stepped upon a piece of ice, which, with a true British spirit, refused to support *him*, a foreigner, in his

perpendicular position, and he came down with a force that dislodged his comb, scissors, and pocket mirror, and left him almost at the mercy of mine hostess, who soon rendered him inefficient and hors de combat. She was rising victorious, and brandishing the bellows in glory, when the post-boy, who had completely darkened the daylights, or in plain English, blocked up the eyes of the waiter, seeing the triumph of the foe, darted upon her, and seizing her left leg, threw her dexterously on her back. In this situation, with an energy worthy of the glorious cause she was engaged in, she had presence of mind enough to thrust the nozzle of the bellows, which she never for a moment quitted, into the mouth of the adversary, as if she had designed to spit him, and following up her advantage, she bore him backwards with her formidable weapon, which he in vain endeavoured to escape from, and in her turn saw him prostrate, and herself a second time triumphant!

As to the driver and Jarrener's valet, they were enjoying a most delightful treat, each being of the fancy tribe and tolerable good bottom, and Jarrener himself exercised his skill on the body of Boots, who was well milled, and from whom, as well as from Lord Jeremy, claret flowed in abundance.

Such was the situation of things, and Discord clapped her wings in triumph on the field of Potts' glory, when the party was interrupted by the arrival of a clergyman, who was going to perform a funeral, attended by his clerk. As they passed the gate of the yard, they observed the sort of amusement that was going on, and naturally enough, stopped to enjoy the scene.

" I perceive," said the Parson, " that the natives have the advantage, and that the bellows are triumphant! but unless some one interposes, that ghastly figure will ere long be a fit subject for our attention. Go Stave, and deliver him from

the weapon of that enraged Jael. "Umph! truly," replied Stave, "I have no carnal weapon whereby to oppose such a heroine, and my profession is a peaceable one!"

"'Tis, therefore, I bid thee exercise thy skill and prowess, to restore peace," said the Reverend Master, "and I should like to see thee do good. I would do it myself, but to mix in combats suits not with my cloth."

Stave, who did not relish either standing in the cold, or mixing in the clash of arms, bethought himself of another method of restoring peace. He mounted on a block there was in the yard, and began in a strong deep voice to sing, "The Lord is a man of war," in which he was joined by two or three persons who, like himself, had been going out to their morning's work. This had the desired effect; the parties concerned, as if struck by magic, all paused in their exercise; the landlord held Lord Jeremy's throat

with his left hand, while his right hung suspended in air. Jarrener, who had his knee on the stomach of poor Boots, and was returning the oiling he had bestowed upon him with interest, ceased to pound his carcase; the landlady held the Post Boy on the nozzle of the bellows, who with his arms extended, looked like a picked fowl hung on a crook, and the two fancy gentlemen stood still as marble in position. This pause, in the name of the Lord, was favourable to general tranquillity, and in less than ten minutes, all had retreated into the Inn, save the clergyman and the gallant Stave, who has ever since recounted this exploit, as the most brilliant of his life! they went to their task, and performed the last offices, which had so luckily, for the peace of the house of Potts, called them abroad that morning.

CHAP. XII.

In which M. Jarrener exhibits in a becoming Disguise.—A Voyage, and Arrival at Paris.

WHILE the scene, we have faintly described, was passing in the yard, Mrs. and Miss St. Arno were finishing their breakfast, and ringing to expedite their equipage; but it was in vain that they rung, no body came near them, for those who were not actually engaged in the quarrel, enjoyed considerable pleasure in looking on. Very desirous to escape the insolent pursuit of Jarrener, for such Mrs. St. Arno supposed his journey to be, and to avoid seeing Corner or Lady Sybella, who might probably meet them if they staid 'till after those individuals had risen, Mrs. St. Arno determined to go herself and inquire the reason of no

notice being taken of her summons; and she proceeded down stairs to the kitchen, where she arrived just as the victors, and the vanquished were making their appearance there. She was a little startled at the bloody aspect of affairs, and moved by her natural humanity, said she hoped nobody was hurt! to which, Lord Jeremy replied, by a deep groan, heaved from the bottom of his large stomach, for Lord Jeremy was a very large fat faced unmeaning looking man. As to Jarrener, he looked somewhat ashamed of his present situation; but he approached her, and apologized for the want of respect he had been led to shew her. "The truth is, my dear Madam," said he, "that I was deceived, misinformed, and almost mad to receive such a rebuff from Miss St. Arno! I behaved like a fool—I know I did!"

"Dear, Mr. Jarrener!" replied the old Lady, "no apology is necessary! I dare say you could not help it!—you behaved

in character!" then turning to the landlord, who was washing the claret from his face in a corner by the fire, she inquired again, whether the man was ready to attend her, and himself to receive his bill. The driver, who was shaking hands with the valet, answered in the affirmative to the first question, and the landlord to the second, and Mrs. St. Arno was retreating, when Jarrener again addressed her, and all dirt, oil, and blood, as he was, offered to accompany her up stairs.

"With regard to the stairs, Mr. Jarrener," said the good lady, "they are as free to you as to me; if, therefore, you are determined to act a nuisance, and go up at the same time I do, I have no right to prevent you; but the room I sit in is my own, and you will not enter that, I assure you."

"Good God!" said Jarrener, half angry, and grievously mortified, "what have I done to be used in this way? May not I ask pardon of your niece, Ma'am?"

"No, Sir! I should be sorry that you should trouble my niece by asking any thing she could not grant. If you had merely offended *her*, she would have overlooked you without much trouble, but you wantonly insulted *me*, and she does you the honour to despise you."

By this time Lord Jeremy was gone to bed, where he lay for ten days in consequence of the trimming he had received; the rest of the combatants had retired to clean and recover themselves, and Jarrener, placing himself between Mrs. St. Arno and the stairs, said, "I am going to Paris, as well as you, and you can hardly refuse to go in the same packet with me. We don't repel each other as much as that.

"As much as possible," said Mrs. St. Arno, "no two positives can be more repellent. To be plain with you, Mr. Jarrener, our acquaintance is at an end, and I acknowledge, that Anarella judged better of your character than I did."

"Aye," said the young man bridling, "I knew she thought well of me—I could not be mistaken, but you persuaded her."

"Yes, I did often, to listen to you, and deserved a fool's cap for my pains," replied Mrs. St. Arno, "but she knew better; she always said you were a blustering school-boy." Jarrener stood the picture of astonishment, at hearing Mrs. St. Arno so bitter, as he called it, and he would have liked to knock the old gentlewoman down, for what he termed her insolence, in his own mind; however, he no longer impeded her progress, which was slow, and he followed her up stairs, on purpose to say something severe to Amarella.

That young lady was busy sending down the packages, to be put in the carriage, and without taking the least notice of Jarrener, she continued her employment. This mortified him more than any thing she could have said, and he re-

mained at the door, disdaining with the puerility of a boy, to enter after Mrs. St. Arno had forbidden him. At last, as she could no longer be supposed not to see him, and his disguise sufficiently altered him, she said to her aunt, "Is that poor wretch begging charity?"

This completed Jarrener's mortification, and he told her with some heat, that it was plain enough she had made a principle of insulting and wounding a man, who did not hesitate to say, he was willing *once* to die for her.

"Oh! Mr. Jarrener," said Anarella, "really, Sir, you are in a singular costume—no wonder you are mistaken—I can assure you, Sir, that you never were of consequence enough with me, to induce me to study either to please or insult you! and henceforth I have only to hope, that we may be "*better strangers!*" So saying, the ladies, after having paid their bill, in which Mrs. Betty B——e's Port wine, &c. was not forgotten, passed to

their carriage, attended by the valiant Potts, who deferred taking care of his bruises till after they were gone. What were bruises in comparison to gold? Indeed, this night and morning, though it began in dudgeon, terminated well for his house, for Lord Jeremy did not think it safe to move his carcase for several days, and Jarrener was fain to stay till the black circles about his eyes were become a little faint: so that mine host had a fair opportunity, which he did not neglect, of making both gentlemen pay for the drubbing he had received.

The two ladies, happy to have been troubled with no other pursuit, but that of Mr. Jarrener, which shewed his natural fickleness, pursued their way to Dover, with much less anxiety to reach that place, than they had felt on the preceding day; they began now to dread no more from the Marquis of Hardenbrass, who seemed to have his attention otherwise engaged, and they felt curious to know

what course Lady Sybella and her attendant, Corner, would pursue. Like all other wonderers, however, their time was unprofitably spent, for they were no wiser at last than when they began, and they entered the town of Dover in the same ignorance in which they set off from Canterbury.

To their great mortification, they found that the sea ran tremendously high, and that no vessel would be willing to put out in such weather. They had no remedy but patience, and day after day passed in watching the waves, which seemed to menace with destruction any who should dare to brave them. By degrees, a sort of melancholy, new to Anarella, took possession of her, and she passed whole hours in listless inactivity, with her eyes fixed on the rolling sea, and her mind suffering from a strong consciousness of duty and principle, and an affection, for the indulgence, of which she would have hated herself! but even in her

constant endeavours to repress it she was making but a very slow progress towards a cure.

As to Mrs. St. Arno, finding that there were no hopes of a speedy release from the Ship Inn, she took the opportunity of recruiting her strength, and making up for the rest she had lost; she passed many more hours in bed than she had been accustomed to do, and it was during these hours that Anarella was left to contemplate the waves and combat against her ill placed and unfortunate affection.

At last the wished for intelligence was communicated, that a packet would sail on the following day, and our travellers went on board, suffering under a depression of spirits that too plainly shewed a removal from England would not give them happiness.

As the vessel made its way out of the harbour, and the cliffs of England seemed every moment to sink from her view,

Anarella watched them with the most undivided attention, grieving that she was compelled once more to quit her native country. But instead of reaching Calais in four or five hours, which the captain had hoped, from the state of the wind, they were compelled to remain in Channel, unable to make the harbour till evening, and the captain then found that he must not hope to enter it till morning. Both our travellers became very sick and ill, as well as the other passengers, and nothing could be well imagined more distressing than their situation. They had had the precaution to take lemons and kali with them to remove the sickness, if they should be ill, and these were of the greatest service, not only to themselves, but a poor Frenchwoman and her two children, and other passengers. At length, about nine o'clock on the following morning, they landed at Calais, and from the great fatigue they had suffered, were obliged to remain

there two days, after which they set out for Paris, without any thing remarkable happening to them, either during their stay or their journey: on the latter, indeed, they found that, as English, they paid double for every thing they had on the road, and they therefore spoke only French during the remainder of their progress.

Mrs. St. Arno had some difficulty to believe herself in France, for she found such numbers of English every where, that the natives seemed as if they had been banished to their dwellings, from whence they were only permitted to look out on their conquerors.

Mrs. St. Arno drove to an hotel, where she hired apartments, and the weather being bad, she neither went out nor received company: she procured some new publications, and for nearly a fortnight her only amusement was listening to Anarella, who was glad to escape from thought, by giving breath to the thoughts

of others. She, however, made one acquisition, she hired a young Swiss girl, who had refused to accompany her last lady to Italy, and who understanding that Mrs. St. Arno proposed going to Switzerland in the spring, was most happy to have a chance of revisiting her native country. Poor Claudine indeed suffered much, like most of her countrymen and women, from the *maladie du pays*, as it is called, but excepting that which included in itself a few little tender recollections of another kind, Claudine was as happy as most of her contemporaries. She pleased Anarella and suited her present state of mind, by the seriousness of her disposition, which was very opposite to the French vivacity, and unlike the English gravity, it had more of sentiment about it, and Anarella seemed as if for once she would give a preference to sentiment.

It was the middle of March before any news or packet arrived from England;

and so strict were the regulations with respect to English newspapers, that Mrs. St. Arno could not procure one. At the time we have mentioned a packet arrived from Mr. Skin, containing intelligence that we shall detail in a new chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

A Packet from England—New Plans—and new Amusements.

"A PACKET from England!" cried Mrs. St. Arno, as she received it, "I wonder what intelligence it brings of our poor friend and his wretched wife! Perhaps he may yet be under the roof where we left him! or probably not though! but we shall see."

The packet contained a letter on business from Mr. Skin, and another from Doctor Twentymen,,, written in reply to the two, Mrs. St. Arno had sent him on her journey, and dated a month anterior to its receipt. It was as follows, and as from the oddness, perhaps we ought to say, badness of the hand, Mrs. St. Arno was obliged to give it to her niece to read; the reader of our lucubrations may,

if he pleases, imagine Anarella publishing it to her aunt, while the latter listens attentively to what the niece communicates.

To Mrs. St. Arno.

H—— Feb. —, 18—.

'My dear good Lady,

'You would run away from us, and at a time too when we wanted your agreeable society more than any other, for invalids require kind and sensible chit chat. I protest to you, that our poor Haverill's fever ran higher for three days after you left us than I ever saw it but once, and he frightened me terribly! his excellent constitution, however, did every thing! between ourselves, the fever governs the phizgig, not the phizgig the fever. I observed some symptoms in him different to what he had the last time! he's softened I suppose with enjoying society, I shall regret as long as I live: guess I beg whose it is.

'But enough of this complaining and whining! I intend to tell you all that has occurred here, if I can get time! but the people of this place seem to have leagued against me to hinder me! I have a good mind to send them a cathartic round, and if that does not do for them, clap on as many blisters. There now I've spit my spite, so to business!

'The first thing that happened after you went, was the safe arrival of Robin, who to be sure I thought food for worms or fishes! he came the very next day, and I wished for you a hundred times, to hear the way in which he told all his journeyings in search of his customer. A pretty number of miles to be sure the poor devil went, and I must try to give you a sketch of the whole. Let me see! First he went to the Cross-Keys, and there he was informed by the landlady, that the pinky winky gentleman, as Robin called him, 'was an artist, who had been more than one summer taking views

in Wales, that he was a Lancashire man, and she had heard him talk of Clithero, so she did not know whether he lived there or not! that she saw C. Umber, written on his packages, and that she dared to say Robin would meet with him, or somebody belonging to him, at Clithero.

'It seems that Robin's inquiries after Mr. Umber caused great sensation at the Cross-Keys, and as we are all ready enough to think the worst of our neighbours, the inhabitants and frequenters of the place took it into their heads, that this Umber had done something bad, and that Robin was become one of the police, and was sent down to apprehend him. The cunning rogue, true Yorkshire! would not let out a word of the matter, he kept them all on the tenter-hooks, as they say in my country, and when he left them they had not determined whether poor Umber had committed a highway robbery, a murder, a forgery, or joined the Luddites, or whether he

was not guilty of all these crimes at one and the same time. Confound the fools, they ring as if they would pull my bell down. No peace on earth! well what now Twig? Old Lady Juniper seized with a fit—I must be off, and when I return, my dear ladies, I'll take a fresh sheet of paper, and try to keep it cleaner than this.'

Continuation.

No. II.

'As I live, my dear ladies, all that was the matter with this remnant of quality, was having swallowed too large a dose of her favorite Hollands! there is no end to the folly of mankind! mind I don't meddle with the ladies, Miss St. Arno! But to resume.

'Robin went to Clithero, as quickly as the weather and the roads would permit, and he asked the people where he stopped, if they knew the painter of the name of Umber. They said, all Clithero

knew him, and was proud enough of him, and there were few houses in the town where he would not find his works. Robin told them he did not want his works, he wanted him, for he had business with him. The news soon spread, that a man was come to take up Mr. Umber, and Robin had speedily a visit from an honest weaver, the man's brother, who at first refused to tell where he was; but when Robin said, that it was for a gentleman, who had heard of his fame, that he was seeking him, he did acknowledge that he was in London, where he had gone last autumn, and where he was soon to make a vast big fortune. According to Robin's own account, he began now to suspect, that this Umber had by some means *got thick*, as he called it, with the great Diable! you know who I mean, at R——, (I don't like to name the names of these folks, as they say letters are sometimes looked at,) and he asked the weaver whether his

brother had any friends among the great folks with titles, to which he answered that he knew them all, ha! ha! ha! what a simpleton! at last Robin got his address, and he went to Lancaster, and from thence took a place in the mail coach for London.

'According to his own account he found poor Mr. Umber in rather a poverty struck situation, and it was a long time before he could get admission to him; for it seems the poor artist had a natural horror of being accosted by a stranger: at last he succeeded, by sending word that he had been at Clithero, and came from his brother.

'Mr. Umber recollected Robin, for he is a remarkable fellow enough, and the buying the knife of him, but protested at first that he did not recollect having disposed of it again, and positively asserted, indeed, that he had not; but upon further consideration, he did remember that his sister's husband, who lived in West-

morland had taken it in exchange for a picture, that he gave eighteenpence for at a sale, and which Mr. Umber wished to possess, believing it the work of a great master. Robin was in despair at the thoughts of another tramp north, so he got the artist to write to his brother-in-law, who said, that he sold it to a gentleman that was visiting the lakes last July, whose name he did not know. So here is an end of the history of the knife, upon which we relied to lead to the discovery of this plot! for my own part I begin to think that all we try to serve poor Haverill will have no effect, we must leave his enemies to work out their own ruin. I have dismissed Robin with an order to let me hear once a month where he is, so that if he should be wanted he may be forthcoming. The best of it is, that this very knife—but I'll lead to it in order.

'You cannot think how much we re-

greted to hear, that you were going to venture across the channel at such a season! God keep you, and send you safe back again! Your intelligence of the accident that befel that consummate rascal, old Haverill, God forgive me, but I could not help thinking of judgments to come! was followed by a messenger from my friend Fullbottom, who heard of it, and being interested, advised that our protegé should go immediately to the house in town, and put proper people in, and from thence to South D——. No time was to be lost, so he set off instantly, and will consult Fullbottom. But now for the odd thing about the knife! when he unlocked his portmanteau, to examine his pistols, the knife was gone, and no means of tracing how. The only thing I can think of is, whether Robin took it with him, and I shall ask as soon as I know where the rascal is. Haverill says he is

certain he put it back again, but one may be mistaken!

'We may look for some news of Mr. Medley soon, I suppose, unless he has ended his life in despair for the cruelty of I know who—Ah! I wish I was a young man again, I would do better than I have done! Your express intelligence I sent to Fullbottom. If you had seen how Haverill looked when your first letter came, it would have done your hearts good! He's a noble-minded fellow, and not ashamed to drop a tear for an absent friend.

'I sincerely hope, my dear ladies, that we shall see you again in England next summer; don't say, 'No,' to the wishes of your friends: but perhaps Miss St. Arno may be tempted—however, she told me it was not a Frenchman.

'My household wishes you here again, and is at present much interested about a certain little Twig, I suppose, coming, and to which I must be godfather.

'With every wish for your felicity and prosperity, I am,

'My dear Ladies,

'Your truly respectful friend.

'TWENTYMEN.'

'P. S. I hear this moment, that the monster is again coming down to R—-n. Would I had the cleaning out that Augean! I'd physic them all! God bless you both once more!'



It would be useless for us to describe the feelings of Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, or to relate what observations they made on the receipt of Doctor Twentymen's letter; the reader will easily suggest to himself what these were: we only add, that the idea Dr. Twentymen had expressed of the inutility of the exertions made in favour of Haverill, and the difficulty of procuring any evidence tending

to criminate Hardenbrass, or his associates, struck them forcibly, and they almost despaired of seeing justice done on that consummate villain.

As Mrs. St. Arno's health was now re-established, and the weather more favourable than it had been since their arrival at Paris, she commenced her career of gaiety, and renewéd her acquaintance with many families whom she had previously known. Instead of books she associated with men and women, and hoped the happiest results to Anarella from the entire change of scene. Her plan was to remain at Paris till May, and then, unless some particular circumstance should call her another way, to go to Switzerland, and resume her usual mode of life. In this plan Anarella heartily concurred, and though, from the intenseness of her own painful feelings, she doubted of the benefit to be derived from a season of Parisian dissipation, she would not hint an objection to what her

best friend had so kindly determined for her. She studied fashions, gave audience to milliners, visited Caffés, theatres, and every place where the first mob was to be found! She conversed with poets and philosophers, herself uttered two or three *mots* that had their run in Paris, and, in short, lived in a continual hurry, that one would have imagined left her no time for thought; but that was not the case: reflection, however denied, would gain admittance at some odd hour, and it was only the more importunate for having been so long denied.

But it is not our intention to continue our narrative of Mrs. St. Arno's operations; we have other important matter to relate, and must return to Mr. Haverill, whose situation, in every sense of the word, may be called most unhappy. We shall, therefore, leave the ladies in a state of comparative comfort, and go back to that point of time when the young gentleman left H—— to visit his father.

CHAP. XIV.

In which the History returns to Mr. Haverill, and relates what befel on his Arrival in London.—The Fullbottoms.

NOTWITHSTANDING the youthful follies and ambitious vanity of Mr. Haverill, no man was more happily tempered for the cultivation of all the tender affections and sweet charities that bind human beings to each other, and his errors ought rather to be charged to the neglect of education than to a naturally perverted mind. It is no wonder that he was ambitious, for in the little intercourse he had had with his father, and the little instruction he had occasionally received from him, all tended to nourish ambition, and point it out as the one praiseworthy pursuit: nor is it more surprising, that he was

vain of his person and his personal acquirements; for them he was valued by the great and the fair, and, in truth, few young men were at all to be compared to him. As to his want of caution in concluding a treaty that so sweetly flattered his foibles, if it does not say much in favour of his head, it is no disgrace to his heart; and he was unhappily the victim of those grown old in deceit and solicitous only to preserve a fair outside to the world.

Notwithstanding the force of blood, about which so much has been said and written, young Haverill's mind was too upright and too honorable to excuse his father's crime, and he was become too reflective to believe, that what he knew was his only error. He could reason well enough to perceive, that it was the consequence of other crimes, and that his father must have sold himself to work wickedness for Hardenbrass, before, yes, very long before he could bring himself

to sacrifice his only son to an abandoned woman, the victim of his intemperance. Arthur Haverill could neither love nor reverence the author of his being, and he departed from H——, shocked, it is true, by the sudden fall of a man he called father, but without any of those pleasurable sensations that filial affection produces, even in the most distressing situations.

As his presence in town was absolutely necessary as speedily as possible, he did not stop till he was set down at the house of Serjeant Fullbottom, who was fortunately at home, having a party of friends to dinner, and who received him with a heartiness that all his practice as a lawyer had not been able to do away from the manner of this North-countryman.

After taking some refreshment, he accompanied our hero to V— Street, where they were admitted by a woman who had been left in charge of the house; she

knew Haverill, and seemed glad to see him.

The Serjeant inquired if any body had been there since Mr. Haverill's accident, and the woman replied, that one Doctor Unwise had come and demanded to see the papers; but that as she had no orders, and did not know that any papers were left, she had refused to let him go up stairs. "Luckily, Sir," said the woman, "the doors was locked, or I should not have kept they out; but I said, that master had a tookt a whole box of papers down to South D—— with he, and I do believe, he have all things of consequence like with him. The plate was sent down there, I knows, and I've nothing left here but just linen to fit master up a bed when he chooses to come. These, Sir, be all the keys I has, and here be one leetle key as I picked up when I shaked the carpet in master's dressing-room. I don't know what it do belong to, Sir, but

I do think a' little box I've minded master put up in the iron closet."

The gentlemen desired the woman to conduct them to the room in which was the iron closet, and they found it in a small apartment on the ground-floor adjoining to the study: on this and all the other apartments the Serjeant set his seal, telling the woman, that till her master's will, or in case of his death, his son's order, should cause them to be opened again, she must, on no account, suffer any person to approach them. But the Serjeant, not thinking the woman a proper guard for the house, advised Haverill to place a man he could have some dependance on along with her, and he recommended one Crump, who went to his charge that very night.

Haverill's next care was to visit Mr. Bindwell. The wound in his shoulder was become troublesome from the length of his journey, and he thought it pre-

sented him with a happy opportunity to sound that gentleman. As he went along he explained to Fullbottom the way in which he had learnt Mr. Bindwell's concern in the transaction, and the additional knowledge of who one of the women was that attended Lady Letitia. "As to the fact of her delivery I could now prove it," said Haverill, "and of a living child — but how bring home the — the murder to the villain."

Mr. Fullbottom was a very large fat man, with broad cheeks and jaws, and a wide mouth. His eyes were round black and prominent, his eyebrows black and bushy, and he had a very florid complexion. When Haverill uttered the word murder, he stared as if his eyes would have left their sockets, and asked what murder. Haverill then imparted that part of his unhappy story to him, that he had not heard, and expressed his determination to bring the thing home to Hardenbrass.

"Ah! young man!" said the Sergeant, after a pause, "I fear you have undertaken an affair that will in the end overwhelm yourself! you don't know what it is to meddle with a man of his consequence, unless you can prove the thing directly; why, it is worse than kicking against the pricks. You say that Lady Letitia will not givé her testimony! indeed, I should wonder if she would! and if you would take a lawyer's advice, young man, let things remain as they are till you can do it effectually. For my own part, I can believe any thing of Hardenbrass! queer tales are whispered! the one witness you want is the man present at the murder! if ever you have a knowledge who he is, seize him! but till you can do so, let me advise you to be still."

"Would you then advise me not to make myself known to Mr. Bindwell?" asked Haverill.

"Certainly not, as the husband of the

woman he delivered," replied the Sergeant, " avoid making a noise as much as possible, think only of guarding against any further plots of that Prince of Plotters! his father must die some day, and he is much belied, if odd things won't come out. In the mean time, inquire and search —I wish I had the right of searching Rhanvellyn."

This conversation brought them to the door of Mr. Bindwell, who was not long before he appeared, and prepared to do what was necessary for Mr. Haverill.

While he was doing this, and congratulating Haverill on the healthful appearance of the wound, and the probability that it would soon be well, the Sergeant sat with his eyes fixed upon him, as if attempting to read his character, and when there was a pause in the conversation, he asked him if he attended the Marquis of Hardenbrass. Mr. Bindwell said he did not. " But you know him, I suppose?" said the Sergeant. " Why, really Sir,"

replied Bindwell with a slight change of countenance, "like many others I may say I know the Marquis, without having the honor of his acquaintance! the Marquis is a public character."

"Very public!" said Fullbottom, "he has made some noise in the world! where is he now, Sir?"

"I think the papers of to-day announce his return from a visit to his friend the Marquis of ——," returned Bindwell.

"To the Marchioness, I should suppose, Sir!" said Fullbottom, "some of our nobility are very hospitable and accommodating! 'tis a golden age! well, the Marquis is a very Lovelace! he has them all, old and young, fat and thin, brown and fair! there never was a man of so universal a taste. But I never hear of any of his bantlings, I wonder how he manages that matter! his secret would be worth knowing, I imagine!"

"*That* of course he *keeps* a secret!" said Bindwell.

"Well!" said the Sergeant as he drove home, "I don't dislike that man at all! he seems to have some bottom, and not to have been bought by Hardenbrass! and yet how the devil it happens that he either is not secured, or put out of the way, I cannot account for! I don't understand it! unless Hardenbrass relies on its being his interest to be silent! It was a vast deal better to say nothing; let us see how the Marquis behaves on the occasion of your father's illness! I will go down with you to-morrow morning, and in the mean time you must oblige me by joining my friends to-night! a little view of our world will do you no harm, and you will have time to adorn and all that; but if you don't, the ladies will find out your legs."

Haverill made no objection to this; he could make none, and he was home time enough to change his dress before dinner, and to join the company in the drawing room.

The Sergeant presented him to Mrs.

and the three Miss Fullbottoms, and while himself paid his compliments to his several friends, he left Haverill to their care.

Perhaps the family of the Fullbottoms never had more worthy representatives, than in that branch of it to which Mr. Haverill was presented, for Mrs. Fullbottom was a short squat woman, with more of longitude than latitude, indeed, her poles were much depressed, while her equatorial regions had accumulated matter at a prodigious rate. She would have been no unworthy representative of that illustrious fair, the mother of Ferdinand Count Fathom, in her person we mean to say, for certainly there was no resemblance in the mind; her manners were pleasing and genteel; she appeared to possess an intimate knowledge of the world, a fund of amusing conversation, and had an openness of countenance and kindness of manner, that spoke a good

heart within. Her daughters seemed inclined to follow their mother's example, for they were all three short, and of plumpness that savored more of plenty than elegance. Indeed, we must own that the Miss Fullbottoms were so conscious of their tendency to make flesh, that they were much on their guard with respect to their food, both as to its quality and quantity, and did not at one time scruple to take large doses of vinegar, and other things recommended by some of their young friends, in order to check their inclination to fat: this was, however, discovered by the Sergeant, who deprived them of a whole quarter's allowance, and obliged them to discharge their own doctor's bill, incurred in consequence of the experiment. They never were indiscreet enough to try it again.

But if they resembled their mother in person, they fell far short of her in countenance, for there was something unplea-

sant in the expression of each! it was a mixture of eagerness, vanity, pride, and dissatisfaction.

A new man in a circle of females is always interesting, and Haverill was in himself too much so to be overlooked. They knew that he was a friend of their papa's old friend, Doctor Twentymen, and that was all they knew about him, and they took it for granted he was not married. This being their opinion and their mamma's likewise, for the Sergeant was too wise to make his wife his confidante, this opportunity of shewing the young ladies to advantage was not lost, and with the skill of an experienced dealer in the market, Mrs. Fullbottom cautiously displayed the excellencies of her girls. After the first compliments and common-place phrases, she began as follows, while the young ladies surveyed our hero, as if they were about to purchase him.

"You see, Mr. Haverill, that we are

blest with a fine family, and indeed no mother had ever more reason to be proud of her children!"

Haverill thought this left him nothing to say! he could only bow an assent, which he did with an ironical turn of his eye, that would have given great offence if it had been perceived. Mrs. Fullbottom continued.

"A great deal has been written and said, about and against the excessive refinement of female education in the present day, and we have endeavored to preserve that happy medium, that I think Scipio, or who is it, Agrippina, that describes? you often repeat it, my dear, it is your papa's favorite maxim."

Miss Agrippina now stood forth, as did her eyes that were the very likeness of her papa's, and said, with a peculiarity of accent and pronunciation that amounted almost to a lisp, "*in medoo, tootisme est!*"

"Thank you, my dear! I wish I could

remember these good things, but the girls have the advantage of me," said the delighted mother.

"They have every advantage *in* you, madam," said Haverill, who began to enter into the scene, and was desirous of seeing how far maternal folly would go. Mrs. Fullbottom was evidently pleased, and bowing to the compliment went on.

"As I was saying to you, Mr. Haverill, we have endeavored to do enough, and not too much, for nothing can be more disgusting than the excessive display one sees at some houses, where the first thing talked about is the great excellence of the girls, and every thing is calculated to draw forth their accomplishments."

Haverill looked surprised, for he felt so, at the excellence of Mrs. Fullbottom's sentiments, and the folly of her practice; he found that it was easier to know what was right than to practise it! indeed, this was not a new discovery to him.

"You look surprised," continued the

lady, "and perhaps you are not much intimate in London families. I could tell you scenes I have witnessed, that set comedy at defiance, and in which you would imagine the actors had made a point of rendering themselves ridiculous. The Sergeant was of my opinion, that a similar conduct is injurious to the children, and disgraceful to the parents, and he determined that in addition to the absolutely necessary branches of education, his girls should have each one accomplishment by way of a relaxation."

"The absolutely necessary branches of female education," said Haverill, curious to know what this would produce, "lie within so small a compass, that a young lady must have a much better chance of excelling both in them, and in one art or science on your plan, than on what I hear is the general one."

"I'm glad you approve our plan," said the lady; "but even the necessary part here does not lie within a small compass.

I assure you. I speak of the basis! the foundation on which all the rest reposes! what do you think it consists of?"

The name Fullbottom, and the view of Miss Agrippina's back figure as she courtsied to a visitor, both struck Mr. Haverill, and he answered with difficulty, "Consist of, Ma'am! really I am not quite able to judge! but I should say, reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a knowledge of geography and history, are sufficient to make a woman conversable."

"Let me assure you, you know nothing at all about it, my good Sir," said the lady; "nothing at all! you have only enumerated half! you have forgotten music, dancing, and French, which are indispensable! In these my girls excel, and we have given them each an accomplishment! Agrippina, my eldest, learnt Latin, which, you hear, she pronounces sweetly; Juliana, my second girl, has anatomy! which she delights in! she dis-

sects a head beautifully! and Lysippa is an excellent mathematician!"

This was almost too much for Haverill, though by no means jocund; he could not help laughing, and was happily relieved by the arrival of a visitor, who had been waited for, and an adjournment to the dining-room.

CHAP. XV.

Some Account of the People Mr. Haverill saw in Town, and what passed at Dinner.

SIXTEEN people, besides Mr. Haverill, sat down to dinner at Sergeant Fullbottom's, and our hero was a little surprised to find a large proportion of the company young men. As to himself, he was placed on the left hand of the lady of the house, she having an eminent solicitor on the right, who, with his wife, son, and daughter, seemed of much importance at the Sergeant's table. As Haverill did not yet use his left arm very freely, the weight, or as the gentleman himself called it, *onus* of carving for Mrs. Fullbottom, fell upon Mr. Raffer, and this gave Haverill an opportunity of surveying the company.

On his left hand sat a lady, who (as Mrs.

Fullbottom had whispered to him) had a thousand a year, and many valuable personals. If the disposal of her person was her object, as it seemed to be, by the display she made of it, she ought to have these particulars written out in a fair hand, and pinned on a conspicuous part of her dress! there would then have been something attractive! As it was, she was really disgusting, and yet so ridiculous, that a spectator with any taste for satire, or perception of the ridiculous, could not but be pleased with the sight of her. We shall attempt a sketch of her. Not less than fifty summers had warmed, and as many winters cooled the charms of Miss Wantonley, for so she was called; her figure was short, thin, and lean; her eyes small, grey, and blinking; her cheeks hollow, and rouged to excess; her teeth false; her chin thin and scraggy; her bosom, displayed in full luxuriance, of the colour of mahogany, and appearing as if the grain of said mahogany was raised

with sand-paper. From her collar-bone downwards, Haverill counted seven ribs as plainly as if they had been those of a skeleton ; and he could not, in his own mind, help congratulating Miss Juliana on this living specimen. He was some time in determining whether the prominences he espied below were something natural or artificial, doubting at first whether the lady had not bought two brownbury pears in the market, and ingeniously fitted them on ; but at last he perceived the graces were all her own.

On her head she wore a flaxen wig, whose beautiful ringlets fell in negligent luxuriance on the fair bosom already described ; in her wig was a comb richly studded with emeralds, and above that, a fine lace cap, adorned with a faded artificial rose in front.

A three-coiled twist of pearls received lustre from her scraggy neck, round which it was clasped, and an emerald necklace and cross reposed on her bosom, in which

was stuck a sprig of artificial myrtle that had once been green, but now, properly enough, shewed an autumnal hue—round that bosom was a lace tucker, with an emerald broach, answering to the clasp of her zone in front; and her ear-rings and bracelets were likewise emerald. She had a richly ornamented gold quizzing-glass appended to a triple gold chain, and a superb watch and seals. On her fingers were many rings, but, alas! the plain gold one, that mysterious charm, was wanting. Her dress in other respects was handsome, but it was evident to every one that she had studied how to uncover, not to hide.

To Haverill this tout ensemble was so irresistibly attractive (we leave the reader to gucss whether from its intrinsic beauty and merit, or from the charms of novelty) that he could not help considering it with great attention, and though Miss Wantonley was in general so short-sighted, that she could not see six inches before her, she on this occasion perceived what

in her own mind she called the wonder-struck admiration of the interesting stranger. The consequence of this apprehension on the part of the lady, was such a play of attitudes and grimaces, that it was not in the power of human nature to resist it, and Haverill was fain to clap his handkerchief to his mouth and to stifle as well as he could a violent burst of laughter.

By this unlucky convulsion, the attention of the whole company was drawn upon him, and Mrs. Fullbottom, who had not seen what passed on that side of the table, thought that he had got a fish's bone in his throat, and cried out, "Good heaven! he has a bone in his throat! he is choking!"

With incredible violence, the company vociferated, again, and again, "He is choking!" and as instantly added the various remedies most proper to be applied. Some were for pulling out, some pushing down; some recommended a crust of bread, some a piece of apple, and some a mouth-

ful of oil; and Miss Wantonley herself said, that in the course of her reading, she had seen an account of the bellows being applied to the ear, doing good.

"Yes!" exclaimed a young man of the name of Racy, who sat opposite Miss Wantonley, and who had obliged the world with some very witty productions, "My friend, Miss Edgeworth, has made a very good tale of that, Miss Wantonley; and who knows what effects might follow a lady's applying the bellows! in the former case it gained a patron, in the present it might kindle a flame!"

"Don't be sensual, I beg," answered Miss Wantonley.

By this time, Haverill had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, and glad to find that the cause of his agitation had been mistaken, he declared himself better, and that the inconvenience was gone. He then received the felicitations of the company, and Mr. Raffer informed him that a fish's bone was a most difficult and per-

tinacious tenant occasionally, and hard to eject. "I fancy, Sir," said he, "that what had seated itself in your throat, had merely scratched the surface, and thereby caused a species of titillation, hàrd to be endured! How fortunate for you, that it did not stick across the passage, either horizontally or obliquely; in that case, we must have been indebted to Miss Juliana's forceps."

"What an appropriate name those things have," said Miss Wantonley; "I extremely admire sympathy between the word and the thing! the force-ups! how are they made, Miss Juliana? If the bone had been pertinacious, it would have been highly necessary to force it up."

The politeness of the company was very much put to the test by this mistake of Miss Wantonley, who was in general very scientific in her expressions, and was known to be a member of a female literary society, of which it was whispered she was to be the next president.

Her opposite neighbour, Mr. Racy, who had seen from the first what had occasioned Haverill's accident, now proposed taking wine with Miss Wantonley, and continued the conversation with her to the great amusement of all near; but he could not again throw Haverill off his guard, which he was malicious enough to wish. He drew forth her opinion on the danger of eating fish, which she declared to be so great, that no moderate courage was required to do so. "For my own part," said she, "I always decline dallying with the tempting food, aware that the world's lamentations could never remunerate me for the loss of vitality, or reanimate, by its tears, my frail remains."

"Your opinion, madam, is correct," replied Racy. "I believe nobody will be bold enough to contradict your assertion, for I never heard that tears would reanimate any frail remains. But we literati, Miss Wantonley; we sons of song, and daughters of harmony, may bid defiance

to death, whether he comes in the shape of a leaden bullet, or a fish's bone! Miss Wantonley can never die!"

"Now, I protest you make me pant, Mr. Racy, and throw all the phlogiston, in my sanguineous matter, to the very surface of my cheeks, Mr. Racy," said the lady; then, turning to Haverill, she asked if he liked poetry?

Haverill, who had, by this time, schooled himself into good behaviour, replied, that he enjoyed it exceedingly.

"Ah!" replied the lady, with a soft sigh, "so I predicted, from the swimming of your eye! And what style do you enjoy most, Sir? What most moves you?"

"What is good in its kind, madam, must always be pleasing," replied Haverill. "I don't quarrel with a poem on any subject, provided it be good."

"Ah! it is the soul moves you, I see!" said the lady. "Do you like sonnets?"

"Not much, madam," said Haverill;

"even Petrarch does not much delight me."

"Then, Sir, you have not seen him in the Wantonley costume, I presume," said Mr. Racy. "Nay, Miss Wantonley; don't deny it! I am morally certain, that the new hot-pressed translation which at this moment warms the world, must have emanated from your chaste pen. We all know it is a blue! and which of the sisterhood so likely as the President-elect?"

Miss Wantonley faintly denied any knowledge of the work, of which, in truth, she was innocent, though vain to be thought its author, and fancying that the intelligence had raised a still higher flame in Haverill, than even her personal charms, she commenced a persecution that was very amusing to every body, except its object, who rejoiced heartily when the ladies retired.

No sooner were they gone, than the subjects of conversation changed, and a

very warm discussion of an affair that had made some noise in the legal world, took place. This was no other than a challenge that had been given, on one part, and refused on the other; and Haverill found that the company very warmly espoused, some one side; some another, and, from the earnestness of the speakers, particularly the Sergeant himself, he began to fancy, that more than one duel would be produced by the bare discussion of this business. Both parties referred the matter to him, whether he did not think, upon an impartial examination of the correspondence, that the respondent was right, and acted according to the truest laws of honour, &c.; or, on the opposite side, whether he was not wrong, and unworthy to be received in the society of gentlemen.

"That there may be circumstances, gentlemen, in which a man is justified in refusing to fight his adversary, I am willing to allow; but I think there can be

none in which he should refuse to *meet* him: it is always in our own power to fire, or not," said Haverill. "As to the present circumstance, I confess myself ignorant of the particulars: they have not reached me."

Two or three at once then offered to detail them, and one, we believe it was Mr. Raffer, pulled a newspaper from his pocket, and said he would read what was a complete justification of his friend, for refusing the challenge. "In short, gentlemen," said he, "I assert that duelling is the Devil's own pastime; and that it is therefore contrary to the laws of both God and man!"

"I admit your conclusion, if you will prove your premises," replied Mr. Racy. "I don't recollect to have read any where that Sir Nicholas made a pastime of duelling, and, I confess, I rather doubt it."

"Blessed Sun!" cried Raffer, "can a man be found to doubt that? Is not Sir Nicholas, as you call him, in vain derision,

the father of lies? Tell me that, Sir! Tell me that, Mr. Racy, if you please."

"I cannot deny that he is so called, and in a book, whose sacred character I am not disposed to doubt: but, my good Sir, duelling is no lie! it is a very serious fact!" replied Racy, with the most provoking coolness.

"Well, Sir! it is as you say: you own that a serious fact; and you submit, that the Scriptures are sacred, Sir: then, Sir, do they not forbid murder? *Thou shalt do no murder!* as plain as an Act of Parliament, Sir!" cried Raffer.

"And plainer, too, by twenty degrees!" returned Racy; "but I do not see how this, in any degree, tends to prove, that duelling is practised by that awful person, the Devil, as a pastime! I should like to have that proved, for, if true, it is a curious fact; and I know no man better able to prove any thing you take in hand than yourself, Mr. Raffer."

"Sir," said Raffer, somewhat softened

by the compliment, "it is a thing so plain to the understanding, and so consonant to the best feelings of our nature, that it wants no proof."

"I beg pardon, my good Sir," said Racy; "but I am not quite clear, whether your last sentence applies to duelling itself, or to the original assertion you made, that duelling was the Devil's pastime! I wish to go along with you in the argument."

Here Raffer blew his nose, with a violence that made the room ring again, and Racy, with whom the bottle stood, filled his glass, and passed it to his next neighbour. The company began to lose the original cause of debate, in listening to Mr. Raffer, whom they were, most of them, glad to see humbled, for he was as arbitrary as a Dey of Algiers, when he was among lawyers; and none more rejoiced than his own son, who had found him a very tyrant: they waited then to see what would follow the wringing he

gave his own nose, and, when the handkerchief was deposited once more in its hold, Mr. Racy bowed to him, and said, "I am waiting anxiously, Sir, for your proofs."

Raffer filled his mouth with wine, which he held there till it had no flavour left, and, at last, when he was obliged to swallow it, he stared as if some unusual pain had surprised him. Two or three cried out at once, "The court waits," and the Sergeant advised him to begin, or, from the lateness of the hour, they should be obliged to hurry the business over, like Bills at the end of a Session.

"Proofs!" said Raffer, in a milder tone than he had used before: "it appears to me strange that any one should want proofs of a thing that is plain to the sense!"

"Certainly, Sir," said Racy, "it is very surprising, that any body should want proof of a thing plain to the sense! in that

I perfectly agree with you; but I confess, that it never has been my good fortune to see the Devil at his pastime! You assert, that it is his pastime; and, perhaps, you have been more fortunate! If any gentleman present can be produced in evidence, that the Devil's pastime is duelling, and, like yourself, can assert it from actual observation, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

This produced a general laugh, and all declared, that they were incapable of giving evidence in the cause: Haverill added, that he was so little conversant in the world, that he must confess he had never seen the Devil.

"That is my case, Sir," replied Racy; "but you and I have not so extensive an acquaintance in, and general knowledge of, the world, as Mr. Raffer. Well, Mr. Raffer! you can have, it seems, no eye-witness of the fact, but your own testimony will be sufficient; if you can say that you

have observed Sir Nicholas yourself, I shall take it for granted that he may do it for pastime."

"Blessed Sun, Moon, and Stars!" cried Raffer; "do you mean to affront me, Sir?"

"Not in the most distant degree," returned Racy; "I ask, as I told you, for information."

Here Raffer started up, and, shaking his fist at Racy, as he was in the habit of doing at his son, he said, "Boy! I could give thee thy deserts; but I forbear!"

The company would here have interfered, but Racy made a sign to them to be quiet; and, when Mr. Raffer had done speaking, he said, "Your words and actions, Mr. Raffer, are very extraordinary, and demand explanation! but I will not interrupt the harmony of this good company, by saying what it demands!"

"Whatever it demands, Sir," returned his afflicted adversary, "it shall have:

you know my principle is never to countenance duelling! Sue me for damages!"

"By no means, my good Sir!" replied Racy; "by no means! I shall only solicit the pleasure of firing at you! but, however, we will defer this letting blood till to-morrow!"

"Blood!" cried Raffer; "blood! not my blood, I hope?"

"I leave you to guess whose, Mr. Raffer," said Racy, coolly; "but whosever it is, common blood won't do: it must be *heart's* blood!"

"Why, Sir! what have I done?" said the trembling man.

"Grossly insulted me, by a vulgar menace," replied Racy. "If you were my own father, I would have satisfaction! but, no matter! Mr. Sergeant, I beg your pardon: what is the toast?"

"Blessed Sun!" cried Raffer; "why, I said nothing! I might be warm! but it is only my way!"

"Very well, Sir!" said Racy; "and it is my way, to shoot any man who indulges his way, and gratifies his temper, at my expense." He then refused to say any more on the subject; but, at last, by the intercession of the Sergeant and young Raffer, he was induced to allow the old bully to beg pardon; and, in about half an hour, as they heard the company arriving to an evening party, they adjourned to the rooms up stairs. Haverill was so well pleased with Mr. Racy's dry humour and gentlemanly deportment, that he entered into conversation with him: but more of this in our next chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

A View of various Characters—And the interesting Particulars of the Evening's Amusements.

"I WONDER what is to be the divertisement to night, Sir, have you heard?" said Mr. Racy.

Haverill replied, that he was not in the secret. "In truth," continued he, "though I have been sometime in England, I know nothing of the society in the metropolis, and if I do not intrude too much on your time, or interfere with your engagements, I should be glad that you would point out to me any remarkable characters who may be here tonight."

"Most willingly, Sir," returned Racy, "I dare say we shall be very scientific, for it is the tone of the family. All the

young ladies are now linguists, anatomists, chemists! and, probably, if our worthy friend, the Sergeant, had not been a lawyer his daughters might, one of them at least, have been fitted for a chamber council at any rate. I am the more surprised at the extravagance of Mrs. Fullbottom's ideas, as upon all other subjects, I consider her rather above par."

"I can assure you that her *ideas* are as right, and as sane as possibly can be, on the subject of bringing up daughters," replied Haverill.

"Then, I presume, it is other people's, not her own," returned his companion. "Like all other mothers, she very properly wishes to see her girls, wives; but I think she mistakes the way. I can only say, that I should prefer myself to marry a milk-maid, who could only make a cross in the book, rather than a bag of scraps and pedantry. Oh! for that sweet feminine character, that old authors tell of, and poets dream of!—that gentle, unob-

trusive, yet lively creature, with perceptions of all that is elegant and graceful, and feelings founded on, or rather springing from, truth and nature; if I could find such an one in this world of pretence, I would rescue her from the martyrdom she would certainly suffer from her own sex, and share with her the heaven she would make; but no such being exists, I am certain of it, for I have been on the search, and she could not escape me."

Haverill suppressed a sigh, for he knew that such an one did exist, though not for him. His companion was continuing his discourse, when a young man accosted him, and asked where he had buried himself the last fortnight. Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on in a drawling tone, and with a sort of lisp. "I looked for you at my Lord Dashaway's, we had a select party, by God! —not such a-a-what-do-ye-call it, as this is like to prove. I hate women, they spoil every party—if they could talk

about any thing rational, it would be very well—they might be endured; but it is not three weeks since, I asked a girl if she knew the best way of making oyster sauce, and parboil me if she knew any more than my grandfather. The best of the affair is, too, that her grandfather actually kept a cook's shop!" "That was the reason, I suppose, that she scouted oyster sauce," said Racy; "probably she could have demonstrated a problem in Euclid."

"True! true! so she could, I dare say," replied the other, "for she asked me, if I had ever passed the *Ass's* bridge! at first I was in a little fermentation, thinking she meant a roaster, but she explained all about her Problems. I think so little of these things now, I had forgot all about it!"

"Is your Lordship going to the house to-night?" asked Racy.

"No! no! I'm not wanted to-night. Going to the club," returned the nobleman.

"The world will benefit by the labours of such men as Lord Dripping," said Racy, gravely, "and I shall expect to see your Lordship receive a medal from the Arts and Sciences for an improved pan."

"Odd enough!" replied my Lord, "but to own the truth—come this way a little—I have actually commenced a scheme of the kind; and I doubt not to see my patent dripping-pans in every kitchen where any thing, worthy the name of cookery, is performed. But don't mention it, lest somebody should run away with my thought."

"It would be hard indeed to steal what stands alone, and has no fellow!" said Racy.

"Oh! that's too complimentary! too much like mere iceing," said Lord Dripping, "but good bye! good bye! I see my friend Truffle yonder,"—and off he walked, repeating to every creature he saw the compliment Racy had paid him, "and it is known he oftener cuts than

tickles!" said he. Our two young men now walked into the large drawing room, which began to be very warm and crowded, and Racy spoke to a fashionable-looking woman, who, though near fifty, still retained some traces of prettiness, and by her style of dress contrived to give interest to a not very graceful figure. While she spoke she spoiled a naturally pleasing expression of countenance, by trying to give the correspondent emotion in her features, and the long practice of this habit had invited wrinkles on a cheek where there would probably from its plumpness have been none. She was attended by a gentleman rather more than her own age, who stooped a good deal, and walked rather lame.

"I am glad to see you here to-night," said Racy; "and I predicted that you would gild our sphere. But it is really cruel in you to come here to wound and retire to kill!" "On whom do you suppose I have a design?" asked she. "Nay,

it is past a design, it is an actual attack!" replied Racy; "why you have broken the hearts of all the fashionable world by your last novel! my cousins were thrown into convulsions with your soul-harrowing scenes! Clarissa is nothing to it!"

"Then it is liked?" asked the lady. "By-the-bye, I hear that D—— no longer writes for the M——; can you tell me who has that department now? I am not yet reviewed."

"I'll inquire," said Racy, "it is necessary to know. Are we to have music to-night?"

"Yes," answered the lady, "here are a few professors present, who will, I suppose, make the amateur part bearable." "It is hardly fair to talk so," said Racy, "when no professor that I know can give us Mad Bess in your style: are we to have that to-night, or something from the mine?" "Which shall it be, my Lord?" said she to her companion. "I think you are hardly enough in voice for either," answered the

gentleman. This answer evidently displeased her, and she turned to an immensely large bony woman, dressed in black velvet, who moved with a theatrical air, and looked as if she disdained every creature present. Several people crowding round, Haverill did not hear their conversation, and he inquired of his companion who they both were.

"The first," replied Racy, "is a very amiable creature, I believe, spoiled by a passion for fame. She is the celebrated Mrs. ——, the only child of her father, and destined by her education to become an authoress and a poetess. At twelve years old, she wrote a comedy, and at fourteen a novel; and being a pretty young woman, with a pleasing voice, and more mind than others of her circle, she enjoyed a distinction that was very flattering to female vanity. She lived single much longer than she would have liked, not because she had no offers, for I believe she rejected many eligible overtures, but because

she had none equal to her idea of her own consequence; and at the age of thirty or thereabouts, married a man who had distinguished himself in his line, but who had nothing but his celebrity to recommend him. With him she lived several years, and the world is much mistaken, if she did not bear a great deal from what she would have called the eccentricities of genius; but any body else brutal ill temper. During her married life, she published poems and novels, the profits of which enabled her to do what her husband's parsimony would have denied. She received the first people at her house, and no private concert or fashionable party was complete without Mrs. ——. You might observe, while I was speaking to her, that she was acting; she always acts, and it would be difficult to guess what her natural manner would be. After her husband's death, she returned to her father, and the person you saw with her became her admirer. They would have married, I understand, long

since, but not being able to muster more than two thousand a year between them, they agreed to think no more of it, as I am told they could not possibly live, when married, on such a pittance! The attachment is now become Platonic: the gentleman is the lady's constant attendant and companion, when she is in town, or visits any of their mutual friends, and when they are absent from eachother, they write regularly twice a week. The lady's conduct having always been irreproachable, the world sees nothing strange in this mode of proceeding; and indeed if they are satisfied, it is very well. He assumes the power of a husband, or perhaps I ought rather to say, manner, in speaking rudely and bluntly to her very frequently, as you might perceive to-night; and though she sings very well, and will no doubt be solicited, I dare say he will not let her."

"I have heard that women like to be governed," said Haverill, "this lady is a proof of it."

"Oh! decidedly!" returned Racy, "they cannot in general live without a master."

"I think I read a pathetic tale of her's some time ago," said Haverill, mentioning its title.

"Aye! Pathos is her forte, what she most piques herself upon," replied Racy, "but the truth is, that she is almost worn out. Seduction, consumption, and death are threadbare, and the retailers of pathos and sentimental trash will begin by-and-bye to discover that it is not enough to conduct their readers to a brothel,* and preach religion to them there! I have heard that this good lady is laying aside the notions in which she was brought up, and hesitating between the Evangelicals and the Quakers: for my own part, I should not be surprised if, with her heated imagination, she was to become a Swedenborgian."

"And who is that moving hearse?" asked Haverill.

"You must be a stranger not to know

her," replied his companion, "why she is the great Mrs. ——, who was juggled into public favor some thirty years ago, and, after having made an immense fortune, has continued, for the sake of money (that is her God,) to appear before the public till the public are sick of her. Her day is past, and I wonder not at it."

The Sergeant now found his way to the young men, and told them they would lose a treat if they did not go to the music-room. "My girls," said he, "are of the party, and I am told play finely! for my own part I prefer a rubber at whist, so good bye!" He then squeezed his way to a card-table, and forgot in the charms of a rubber, all the display that was going on at his elbow.

"We may as well hear what is going on," said Racy; "I dare say, they will expect me to sing one of my comics, but I shall not make a fool of myself to-night!"

Having with difficulty made their way

through the folding-doors, they moved to a convenient station, where they could see the performers to the best advantage. Close before them was a party of young ladies, who were turning the worthy Sergeant and his family into derision, and Haverill was much surprised, when he was told they were really people of fashion! he thought their manners coarse and vulgar, and imagined the affectation they exhibited put on to conceal the want of good society. But his attention was soon attracted to the three Miss Fullbottoms, who, with two gentlemen, were about to perform a quintetto. The eldest presided at the piano forte, the second struck the harp, and the fair Lysippa played the violin. They all played well, and, as is the case with most modern young ladies, they were all perfectly collected and composed, and entirely free from timidity or *mauvaise honte*.

Haverill looked round on the crowded assembly, and wondered whether Anarella

would do so! but this wonder he quickly answered in the negative, and this train of thought having been awakened, he lost a great deal that his companion said.

He was not conscious how long he had remained in this state of absence, when Racy, touching his elbow, said, "In listening so attentively, 'tis true you gratify the ear, but you lose the accompanying pleasure to the eye: pray look at the fair Juliana! this adagio has a most unhappy effect on her countenance! would not one swear the harp set her teeth on edge?"

Not only Haverill's attention, but that of most of the company, was drawn towards Miss Juliana, who made horrid faces, pinched her lips close, turned pale and red by turns, and writhed in a most extraordinary manner. "Surely she is ill!" cried several people; but Mrs. Fullbottom said, that it was only the effect music always had on Juliana: she had a soul attuned for concords of sweet sounds.

The fact was, that Juliana had at dinner eaten a large quantity of salad, with a very large portion of vinegar, and the heat of the room, the exertion of playing, or some other cause, had occasioned the acid to produce such a fit of the gripes, that human nature could no longer bear it; in a few minutes she fell back on her seat, with her hands on her stomach, and uttered a piercing shriek: the concert was over, the whole room in motion, and poor Juliana almost stifled by the people crowding round her; but at last her mother had her conveyed to another apartment, where she was put to bed, and, before morning, had been relieved from the offending matter.

The men all pitied Juliana, though they could not help laughing at the cause of her *mal apropos* faint, which they divined; but it would appear incredible to our readers, if we were to relate half the malicious things the women uttered on

the occasion, or the indelicate jests they set a-going! so rank is envy, where great talents are displayed.

It was not long before all was again tranquil, and the instrumental having met with so unpleasant an interruption, recourse was had to the vocal, and in this several young ladies joined. This was followed by a young lady exhibiting rather a pretty person in the shawl dance, and Haverill took it for granted that she was a professed dancer, as well from her great composure as from the voluptuousness of her movements; but Racy assured him, that she was the only daughter of Sir S—— K——, and that she was expected to make a very good settlement in the world. That her mother dedicated her whole time to her, and that she might, he supposed, commence professor of either music or dancing. "There are hundreds," said he, "in the same case, and it is lamentable to a young man unprovided for to see nice girls so spoiled!"

And now Racy seeing some one he wanted to speak to at a distance, left Haverill, and that young man, finding the heat intolerable, retired to the end of the anti-room, where he sat down behind a large skreen covered with caricatures, with which he amused himself some time; and here we shall leave him, in order to conclude our chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Haverill hears News of his Father.—What befel Miss Wantonley.

WHILE our hero sat in the situation described in the last chapter, he heard several people pass and repass, but he paid no attention to any of them or their conversation, till his own name, repeated in an earnest voice, attracted his notice. The speaker and his companion were walking about the room, and engaged in serious conversation, which they continued thus:

"By all accounts he cannot possibly live, and they say the Marquis is greatly uneasy," said the first.

"I don't wonder at that," replied another, "he is his factotum in matters of business, and the affair of Kirkhams, in

which he is the principal witness, must be lost without him. The Marquis cannot afford to lose any thing."

"No," returned the first speaker, "he has too many secrets, and secret pensioners, to have much to spare. Where are the Barbertowns now?

"Oh! down at their northern castle, where I hear the Countess is dying, on account of her daughter's faux pas. She has been ill some weeks. It is strange, that old Haverill should make such a bargain! he must have known; but I suppose, the Marquis *has* him! I've had a hint, that all was not fair about that will of old Kirkham's! if so—this accident may be *mal-à-propos!* Haverill witnessed it!"

"Yes," said the other, in a very particular manner, "and who *made* it?"

"By God! that's more than any body can say," replied the other.

Here this curious conversation ended by the speakers leaving the room, and

Haverill, sick of himself, and hurt to the soul to find in what estimation his father stood, started from his seat, and left the apartments in order to retire to his bed. He desired one of the servants to give him a candle, and finding the family in a bustle, he excused the housemaid from shewing him his room, and received instruction which way to proceed. As he went along, at the turn of the staircase, he met Miss Wantonley, who had been up stairs either to visit Juliana, or for some other reason, and who was exceedingly surprised to meet Mr. Haverill. With his usual politeness he accosted the lady, wishing her a good night, and inquired how she left her young friend. Miss Wantonley seemed to hesitate to pass him, and said, with a soft sigh, "Surely, Sir, you are not so cruel as to rob the company of your elegant presence! Let me persuade you to return!"

"Pardon me, Madam," replied Have-

rill, "I quite impede your progress," and he squeezed himself against the banisters, as if to make her more room. This was by no means what Miss Wantonley wanted, and she again sighed, and asked whether he was determined to be cruel. Haverill was out of patience, and, disgusted with the woman's want of delicacy, he made no further reply, but passing the lady, proceeded on his way. To his great mortification, a hook he had on his watch-chain caught Miss Wantonley's crape dress, and tore it in a most barbarous manner; the lady clasped her arms round him to stop him, and screamed with a violence that soon brought a crowd of people to the stairs; but Haverill had made his escape with half the petticoat of his opponent, and the Serjeant and his friends found the lady leaning on the banisters, and hardly able to support herself; indeed, she no sooner saw some body near enough to prevent her from

hurting herself, than she thought proper to faint, and the Sergeant himself received the precious burden in his arms.

Whether it was that Miss Wantonley had miscalculated her distance, or that she forgot the construction of her person, or that the Sergeant was awkward, being unused to such affecting scenes, and therefore not prepared for them, we know not; but owing doubtless to the prevalence of the lady's evil genius, she fell in so unfortunate a way upon the Serjeant, that she overbalanced him, and he was obliged to use one arm to save himself from a complete roll down stairs. The remaining arm was not sufficient to support Miss Wantonley, who sported the *dead faint;* it treacherously left its grasp, and the lady fell headlong upon Lord Dripping, who was peeping at her through his glass, and whose iron boddice so far resisted the blow from Miss Wantonley's face, that it fairly dislodged her new set of teeth, which Parkinson had put in not a week

before! As to her wig, with all its ornaments, she left that hung on the buttons of Sergeant Fullbottom.

How long Miss Wantonley's faint might have lasted, had it been performed successfully, there is no predicting; all we know is, that the misfortunes attending its attempt entirely put an end to it, and she was placed on her legs, bare-headed, and toothless, the image of wrath and despair, just as Mrs. Fullbottom, who had not heard the first alarm, squeezed her way through the crowd to inquire what was the matter.

Miss Wantonley no sooner saw her, than she began an accusation against Haverill for having taken liberties with her on the stairs; but from the loss of her teeth she did not speak very intelligibly, and the word *liberties* was the only one fairly understood.

"Good God!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once, in an incredulous tone, "impossible!" and Mrs. Fullbottom, who

saw the Sergeant carefully disengaging the flaxen charms from his buttons, added, "what the Sergeant?" and before the good man could reply, a general laugh followed this query. This drove Miss Wantonley almost mad; she attempted to pass down stairs, and Lord Dripping not making sufficient room for her, she gave him such a box on the ear as drove him against Mr. Raffer, senior, who in his turn saluted the wall. The company below made way for Miss Wantonley, who flew to the hall, crying, "Ruin! Ruin!" and looked about for her chairmen.

The servants, who might very well be excused for not recognizing the lady in this plight, thought it was a mad woman, and one bolder than the rest laid hold of her; but she fought stoutly, and would perhaps have given more than one reason to remember her, had not the Sergeant, who had followed her as quickly as he could, appeared, and called for her chair;

in which he deposited her in safety; and so much of the milk of human kindness had he in his disposition, that he clapped on the flaxen, which he brought down stairs with him, and tied his pocket-handkerchief over it, for fear she should get cold; then throwing her teeth into her lap, he wished her good night in a true Yorkshire tone of compassion, and said he hoped, that to-morrow all things would find their places, and be right again.

While Sergeant Fullbottom was performing this act of charity below, the gentlemen above were conjecturing what could possibly have occasioned this fracas; and some, more witty than the rest, were uttering divers puns upon the lady's name, and others were not a little merry on the Sergeant's taste; as to the ladies, they were a good deal distressed, and many even condoled with Mrs. Fullbottom, upon what they considered a flagrant proof of the Sergeant's infidelity!

But that good woman, who had never before had reason to suspect her husband's virtue, was not at all alarmed on the present occasion; she guessed that the whole was an accident, though she could not guess how it occurred; and she told those who spoke of it in another way, that she was certain they were mistaken: "I think," said she, good humoredly, alluding to her own size, "that the Sergeant has a full share of rib, and I know him too much a man of honour to offend any lady under his own roof, where he delights to see his friends, and where of course, all are under his protection. I never yet was jealous of my husband's affections, and it is too late to begin now. Even supposing the case to be so, I do not see how my ill humor could mend it!"

This sensible speech, and the perfectly easy countenance with which it was delivered, put a stop for the moment to the propagators of mischief and the lovers of slander; but determined not to lose their

amusement, they took care on the following day to spread the story in various shapes, so that any other person's reputation but Miss Wantonley's would have been completely ruined; but she was acquitted on all hands, and nobody could credit, that any thing in the shape of man, endued with common perceptions, could approach Miss Wantonley with a carnal thought! so happy a circumstance is it to have a well established reputation!

And now the hospitable owner of the house would have persuaded his friends to resume their amusements and their gaiety, but they declined, as the night was far advanced; and as Mr. Racy walked by the side of Mrs. ——, the authoress, to her carriage, he congratulated her on being present at such a scene. "It is inestimable," said he, "to a *picturist*, and I shall expect to see it with the characters at full length in your next novel."

"Then you will be disappointed, I assure you," replied the lady, "I would not stain my pages with any thing so gross and so vulgar! The soft refinements of passion, and the eccentricities of opinion are the proper basis for a female author to build upon! you will never see any thing of the sort in a work of mine."

"Then I will make use of it myself," said Racy; and as he rode home, he could not help wondering, that a woman who certainly neither wanted good sense, modesty, nor discrimination, should think Miss Wantonley's accident more indecent than the discussion of the everlasting subject, seduction, and the minute description of the effects of sensual passions on both sexes; he could not conceive how a modest woman became so very learned in the wicked ways of a wicked generation, and the interior economy of brothels, and receptacles for the worst and most unhappy of their own sex! All this was a mystery to Racy, as well as to hundreds

more, and he could only imagine that female authors wrote to please female readers, and sometimes paid a little dearly for the information they gave. "However it may be," said he, "the books sell, and the women are universal in their admiration of them! on the old principle, I suppose, *forbidden fruit!* Well, since that is the case, I'll give them a volume that shall satisfy them, and by introducing a few warm religious sentiments, my work will pass for highly moral and instructive!"

Whether Mr. Racy kept his word or not, we have not had an opportunity of learning! if he did, we have not met with his book.

CHAP. XVIII.

The curious Conversation that passed between Sergeant Fullbottom and our Hero.

THE following morning Haverill and the Sergeant departed early for South D——, and on their way the former informed the latter of the attack made on him by Miss Wantonley, and likewise of the conversation he had overheard.

"I am quite ignorant," said he, "what could be meant by Kirkham, but I fear some black deed has been transacted."

"Why," returned the Sergeant, "old Kirkham, as he was called, was a fellow who was one of the cronies at Hardenbrass House, and in the course of a long life of gambling, he had amassed property to a large amount. It appeared on the coroner's inquest, (for he died

suddenly,) that he must have lain at least forty-eight hours undiscovered after his demise, and this was attributed to having lost his old servant, who died about a week before him! The woman who attended his chambers having found the door fast, and received no answer to her calls, took it for granted he was gone out, and had put the key in his pocket. At last an alarm was given, and the chamber was opened: his relations, who are people in rather an inferior station of life, searched for a will, but to their great joy found none, when Mr. Haverill gave notice, that the deceased had made his will himself, about a month before his death, and left it in his hands. The will was produced, and his relations found themselves cut off with two hundred pounds, to be divided amongst them for mourning, while his many thousands were left to Hardenbrass, charged only with a few trifling legacies. This will was witnessed by your father and the domestic,

and there appeared altogether so many singular circumstances connected with it, that the relatives were advised to contest it, and the affair will be soon decided. You may imagine what a blow your father's accident is to Hardenbrass at this moment, and I do hope to find some documents among the papers, that may throw light on the subject! if the will be a forgery, I hope Hardenbrass will swing for it! it is time a stop was put to that fellow's villany! As to your father, young man, the very best thing that can happen to him, both for your sake and his own, is a speedy death. What his connexion with Hardenbrass may have led him to do, I can't pretend to guess, but I believe he has made good use of his time and influence, and realized, within the last two months, a pretty estate at South D——, for which the purchase money was paid a very short time ago: I heartily give you joy of it, and though you may not be able to shake off your wife, it is

no bad consolation to have an independance."

"It is solid comfort to be sure," replied Haverill, "but I would rather it should have been acquired by honest means, than, as I fear it has! at least, a part of it! It is repugnant to my feelings!"

"Repugnant to my b—kside!" cried the Sergeant, "why this is sheer romance! where the devil have you lived for the last twenty years, not to have got the better of all that? in Utopia, I suppose! Did you ever hear of a lawyer's conscience troubling him for having gained by a bad cause? of a doctor giving back his fee, because he had not cured his patient? of a bishop refusing his revenues, because he had not been seen in his stall since his first visit to it? of a sinecurist rejecting his income, because he did not deserve it? did you ever hear of the blood wrung by tortures from the natives of Asia or Africa ting-

ing the gold of their oppressors? or of a minister sleeping the worse for having pocketed three or four millions for betraying his country, or objecting to use those millions? No, no, young man, rely upon it, your's is not a singular case: many a man rolls in luxury whose father deserved to be hanged, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this is what is meant by a man having his father *born before him*."

The good sergeant uttered this rhapsody with a volubility that surprised Haverill, and in a tone of voice that made the postboy turn his head, for he thought they were quarrelling; and when, at last, he stopped, he was fairly out of breath. Though Haverill could not answer any of his numerous demands in the affirmative, he was by no means convinced, that his feelings were Utopian, or that they ought to be suppressed; indeed he had a native rectitude of mind that scorned what was base in any way, and would

have preferred having a father poor and honest, rather than the richest villain in Christendom: he answered his legal friend thus.

"I acknowledge that my experience in the world has not brought any of the examples you mention to my knowledge, but I am not therefore convinced, that it is immaterial, either to the first or second in possession of wealth, how it is acquired, and I shall certainly examine narrowly into my father's papers, to discover if possible *how* he made his money."

"And to what purpose?" said the Sergeant, "what is it to you? or who has a right to call upon you for a reimbursement? would you go and swell the plenty of the villain Hardenbrass, by returning the sums he may have granted for sevice done? would you return the amount of the snug sinecure Mr. Haverill has had some years now, to be pocketed by the clerks, while they all laughed at you for your pains? No, no, young

man! pocket the affront, and think yourself happily off that your father's horse was skittish! how many heirs would purchase the beast for their fathers to ride, if they did but know! Ecod! I should advise you to put it up to auction—and detail among its good qualities the favour it has done you. Why some men would give you ten thousand pounds for it! if they borrowed the money of the Jews to pay you!"

"All this may be very true," said Haverill, "but where an injury has been done to any one, I should like to redress it!"

"Well then!" said the Sergeant, "begin by your own, and redress them first! never mind other people's."

"Now I'll put a case," replied Haverill, "suppose I should find any papers that prove this will of Kirkham's to be a forgery, and suppose in this very will, my father should have taken care of himself—"

"I beg pardon," interrupted the Sergeant, "that cannot be, he would not be an eligible witness, if a legatee."

"True, I had forgotten that," said Haverill, "but we'll say then, suppose I find that the substantiating the will will bring me some hundreds, and yet have the proof of it not being worth a rush, should I do right to suppress the evidence?"

"Umph!" said the Lawyer, "that is an awkward case! if you could suppress it without risk of any future discovery, you would be justified in doing so, doubtless, because, in fact, you are yourself no party in the business! but it might happen that you could not do it *satisfactorily!* in that case, of course you would tell all."

"Are you giving me your opinion as a lawyer, or as a friend?" asked Haverill.

"As a friend, surely!" replied Fullbottom, "I am advising you as I would my own son."

"And do all lawyers think as you do?" asked Haverill.

"All sensible men do," replied his companion. "I would not do a dishonourable action any more than you or any man, but at the same time, prudence is necessary. These are not times for men to throw away thousands, and indeed every body knows it. I see, young man, that you think a lawyer worse than another man! You are egregiously mistaken, I assure you. My father was a cloth manufacturer in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where the Fullbottoms have flourished in reputation and respectability many generations. When he proposed to me to bring me up to the law, he told me that he thought it wrong to put a lad into a way of life where he would have constantly recurring temptations to do wrong, when an honester profession was to be found; and that though the law was by some deemed very far from honest, at least it was supposed to give a man latitude to

be a rogue, he should bring me up to the bar; for let it be as bad as it would, it could not possibly be so bad as trade. This was said, I assure you, in sober sadness; and I have often heard him regret the difficulty of doing as you would be done by; in short, he said that in business it was utterly impossible—as if you did that, where was the merit of making a good bargain, or beating down an article to half its value—vowing, the whole time, that you are giving a third more than you ought."

"According to this principle," said Haverill, "it appears to me, that the only crime a man can commit is being found out."

"Nay, nay!" said the lawyer, "we don't go so far as that; we only advance, that your romantic restitution ideas, and conscience pangs, because your father was no better than he should be, and such like, is entirely Utopian; and that no man can prosper in the world, who is troubled with such qualms, at least if he acts upon them. A fair and honourable conduct is what all

the world piques itself upon, and the attention to preserve it should never flag."

"The reality, or the shadow?" asked Haverill; but the chaise stopped for the driver to water the horses, and Mr. Fullbottom, thrusting his head out of the window, asked how many miles to South D——? The lad received orders to drive as if a bailiff was at his heels, as the Sergeant intended to return to London that evening; and Haverill changed the conversation to an eulogium on Doctor Twentymen, in which the lawyer most heartily joined. This subject lasted till they stopped at the door of South D—— house, where they were received by the housekeeper, who drew down the corners of her mouth and wiped her eyes, and said the doctors gave no hopes. Haverill, understanding that his father was insensible, and could not be disturbed by his presence, went up stairs immediately, while Fullbottom visited the study and places where papers were likely to be deposited.

CHAP. XIX.

What Mr. Haverill saw and heard in his paternal Mansion.

HAVERILL entered his father's room with mixt feelings of a most painful description, and found him lying in bed, with his eyes wide open, and void of any expression; they did not even look at vacancy. A professional gentleman was present, and receiving a hint from the housekeeper that it was young master, he delayed his departure till the son should have performed the necessary and customary lamentations in similar cases, and looked a little surprized at Mr. Haverill's composed deportment: he thought it quite extraordinary, that what was usually said and done, should be omitted on so proper an occasion.

After contemplating his father some time in silence, interrupted only by the sobs of the housekeeper, which much resembled hiccups, he asked Mr. Socket whether he had attended his father from the first, and where the injury was? To which Mr. Socket replied as follows:

"Yes, indeed, Sir; I was called in the very first instance, and, fortunately for the worthy old gentleman, I had just alighted at home, and given my horse to Dick, when the messenger arrived. I did not lose a moment, though I had six patients waiting in the surgery, but hastened to South D——, at the risk of my neck. To be sure, the roads were in a most alarming state——"

"I asked you, Sir, after the state of your patient," interrupted Haverill impatiently; "I know the state of the roads."

"I beg pardon, Sir, I was not aware; but every particular in a case of this kind is of importance."

"What is the case, Sir?" asked Haverill.

"According to my conception of it, Sir," replied Socket, "it is a concussion of one lobe of the brain. We have examined the skull and its integuments, and no outward injury, more than a severe bruise on the occiput, was discoverable. The patient bore our laceration without giving any symptoms of pain, at least worth speaking of; and what is very extraordinary, you will perceive that he has no fever. He swallows whatever is given him, without resistance, and has his regular evacuations: indeed, I never witnessed more agreeable motions in my life."

"Are you the only person in attendance on my father?" asked Haverill.

The surgeon looked a little queer at the implied dissatisfaction at his apparently being so, and replied—"H—— was called in; but we agreed that nothing more could be done than had been done, and to watch any sudden turn the disorder might

take; for that, Sir, indeed for the whole case, I am quite competént. I attend at B—— House, and at the Moat, and V—— Castle, and am happy enough to enjoy the perfect confidence of the noble owners."

To this Haverill gave no immediate answer; he lost the latter part, and was reflecting on the propriety of having some other person. His companion seemed aware of this, and rising, said, that urgent business called him, and he must rùn away. "But I will have the honour of looking in again to-morrow, Sir," said he.

"How long do you think it probable that my father may continue," asked Haverill.

"Really, Sir, I have some doubts about that," answered the surgeon, "these cases terminate suddenly sometimes; and I have known instances where the patient has survived many weeks."

"And during that time is it possible

that the reason may return?" asked Haverill.

"Possible, Sir! why, to be sure, possible is a large word; and he must be a bold man who will aver that it is impossible to bring the dead to life again," said Mr. Socket.

"Then I am to infer, Sir, that you do not think it likely that so desirable an event may take place?" said Mr. Haverill.

"Why, Sir! I said no such thing as that either, you'll observe!" replied the surgeon, "I cannot pretend to foretel what extraordinary circumstances may attend the case of so worthy and respectable an old gentleman."

To this Haverill gave no answer; he was disgusted, and he again turned to his father's bed, and left the surgeon to follow his own devices. It seemed plain to him that his father's was a lost case, and that all that could be expected was, that he might lie without pain for a week or two,

and then expire. He could not help thinking how much better it would have been for him to have expired on the spot, than to have survived a melancholy spectacle to all around him. While these and other ideas passed through his mind, the surgeon departed, and as soon as he was gone, the housekeeper took up the discourse, and, after having privately pinched her nose to make it red, and uttered two or three demi-groans, she said; "it was a bad day for all we, that master met the lady, and stared at she. He'll never be his own man again, Sir; and what's to become of all us poor creatures as has lived in comfort here may be, and then a turn out to be sure, and nobody the better for nothing. He was the best of masters, and tookt in the fatherless, and never no man could not do more than he did in his generation! and the friends he made, to be sure it's not to tell how *hanckshus* his friends be for him! There's that blessed gentleman, that pattern for Lords, aye,

or for Princes, either of 'em,—would a-been down here his own self, but he have got a disorder, as they say is in his poor bowels, and confines he to his bed, let alone he has a big pain in his head! Yes, dear blessed gentleman, he sended here a very nice pretty-behaved sort of gentleman, one Mr. Slapdash, just to see if my poor dear master had every thing to mend he; and it is no to tell his *hankshiety* about the papers! He went to all the places, fear of us sarvants rummaging, and seed all was right, and he locked up all the papers and money, and put all the keys in the scrutore, and that he sealed, and gived me the key to give to you, Sir."

"And what did he take away with him," asked Haverill, grieved that Slapdash had been before-hand with him. "Take away, Sir!" said the woman, colouring to the eyes, "it is not for me to know that he tookt any thing away." "Are not you the principal servant in my father's house," asked Haverill.

"To be sure, Sir!" said the woman pertly, all at once forgetting her griefs.

"And were not all things of value committed to your care?" asked he again.

"To be sure, Sir! and nobody can't go for to testify of me in no case about not having the same care as if they was my own flesh and blood!" replied she. "There's not a rag missing, according to *illventry*, no nor glass, nor dish, nor spoon, as cannot be accountable for my confidence! I thank the Redeemer, I've a clean conscience!"

Mrs. Tympany had just concluded her sentence when the Sergeant entered, and overhearing the words, "clean conscience," he cried, "We trust we have a good conscience, but to trust is not sufficient."

Haverill now desired Mrs. Tympany to quit the room, which she did, after laying down the key of the escritoire on the table, and when Haverill heard her fairly

down stairs, he communicated what she had told him. "Aye," said the Sergeant, "I guessed as much, for all the places are sealed! I thought they would be beforehand with us! I ought to have come down as your agent. But now you have the key, let us open the doors and drawers; we may, perhaps, find the little box the other woman talked about! If they have stolen it, or broken it open, we will trim Master Slapdash! a paltry, rubbishly fellow."

Haverill then rang the bell, and the house-keeper returning, he desired her to stay with his father till he came back again, and then went down stairs with his friend.

South D—— House was a very comfortable residence on a small scale, and surrounded by picturesque grounds and plantations, well stocked with game. Its last owner had been compelled to sell it, on account of an extraordinary pressure, arising from the melancholy state of the

nation: and Mr. Haverill had purchased both estate and furniture at about one half their actual value! ready money to a sinking man operating like a charm.

The room where Mr. Haverill had arranged his books appeared to be the only one at all likely to contain any papers, and in this the gentlemen found merely common memoranda, and receipts! not a single document that could be of moment to any body. No small box answering to the key they had was forthcoming, and very little money, not quite sixty pounds, in bank of England notes. There was marked on one of thirty pounds, "Hoares," and Haverill said he knew Hoares were his father's bankers. "My father came down here so lately," said Haverill, "that I cannot help thinking he must have brought more money with him! I should like to know when and for what sum he drew!"

"That I'll ascertain on my return," said Fullbottom, "I should like to catch

Slapdash helping himself! he should have a dance on a building, which his genius is much better suited to erect, than palaces! *The Slapdash*, about which there has been such a noise, would sink into insignificance before the gallows I would give the fellow! and the box! he has that too I'll warrant him! confound his impudence!"

In order to ascertain as accurately as possible what was left in the house, the two friends went completely over the house together, but they found neither title deeds, nor writings of any description. The Sergeant suggested that the title deeds of the estate most probably were in the hands of the solicitor, whose name Haverill found in his father's memorandum book, and it was determined that the Sergeant should inquire what papers he had deposited with him, as early as possible. The two gentlemen then sat down to dinner, and before Mr. Fullbottom's departure they returned to the

room of the invalid, who was now raised with pillows, and swallowing what Mrs. Tympany put into his mouth.

"Ah!" said the Sergeant, "as long as that goes on he will live, depend upon it, and I fear in the same state as now! why, Mrs. Tenpenny, what's your name, he looks quite easy."

"Lord bless you, yes, Sir," answered Tympany, "he is as easy as my old shoe! I thinks if master goes on so, as pleases God, he may come about again! for what's better than to eat and drink, and such like!"

"True, Mrs. Tenpenny! true!" cried the Sergeant, "but all taking in won't do either in these cases!"

"Oh dear, no, Sir," answered the housekeeper, "to be sure not! and master, poor dear gentleman, makes his *faces*, as Doctor Socket calls 'em, would do your heart good to see! so beautiful! it's lovely to behold such *faces!*"

"You talk like a sensible woman, Mrs.

Tenpenny," said the lawyer, with inflexible gravity of countenance: "a very clever sensible woman, and seem to know the nature of these things. Where were you born, Mrs. Tenpenny?"

"At R——, in Essex, Sir!" answered the woman, flattered by his notice.

"And how many years is that ago, my good lady? not more than eight and twenty, I should suppose?" continued he.

"Oh, dear Sir, yes! I'm thirty-two, Sir!" simpered the woman, who had counted forty-five her last birth-day.

"Wonderful!" said the Sergeant, "maid or wife?"

"La! Sir! neither!" answered she.

"Ah! how so?" asked he.

"Sir, I've the misfortune to be a vidore!" returned she.

"Ah! a person of great respectability!" said the Sergeant! "I hope, for the sake of your good master, you have kept a good eye on his property, and taken care that nothing has been touched! In this

case you are responsible for all, and the very examining his drawers is a crime! but if it can be proved, that any thing is lost, you are accountable, as I told you before. I hear that a stranger dared to intrude, and put the seals on the drawers and closets; if you know that he took any thing away, your best plan is to own it, and become an evidence against him."

While the Sergeant was speaking Mrs. Tympany's countenance underwent many changes, but she denied in a faint voice having seen or heard of any thing being removed, and said, she did not believe even Mr. Slapdash looked into more than one place.

"And was that a box?" asked the Sergeant.

"No indeed!" answered she quickly, "we could not tell where the box was."

This was enough for Fullbottom, he was certain in his own mind that Tympany was one of the creatures of Hardenbrass, or at least, would do any thing to

gain a sixpence, and if he had known how to replace her, he would have advised Haverill to send her off.

This conversation, which passed in rather a louder key than was proper for the apartment of an invalid, seemed in some degree to have disturbed Mr. Haverill, and for the first time since his accident he spoke, but it was in so low and indistinct a manner, that his attendants could not tell what he said. His son, anxious to discover whether there was any glimpse of returning reason, approached the bed, and asked, in a gentle voice, if he wanted any thing: but it was not till he had twice repeated the question, that the patient seemed to hear that any thing was said, and then the only notice he took was by moving his head a little, as if he wished to see who it was. Haverill desired the housekeeper to raise him a little, and then he again asked if he wished for any thing. The patient put his hand to his head, or rather attempted to do so, and Mrs. Tym-

pany said that she dared to say his poor head hurt him, for the Doctors had played all sorts of pranks with it. Upon this the Sergeant, who was very humane, endeavoured to arrange the bandages on his head, so as to make him easier, according to his idea at least, and in return old Haverill attempted to seize him by the throat, but in so feeble a way, that it was like the effort of an infant, at the same time saying, still indistinctly, "Hardenbrass." After this sort of effort to recollect, he relapsed into his accustomed stupor, and seemed as insensible as ever to all about him.

As the day now wore apace, and the Sergeant's chaise was at the door, he took leave of his young friend, promising to send down an eminent physician the following day, and to double the guard at the town-house, if he found it necessary; and Haverill was left alone, in his father's house, with domestics whom he knew not whether to trust, and suffering

from a depression of spirits, partly the consequences of fatigue, he rang the parlour bell for the butler; but his father's groom informed him, that the butler went, with master's leave, to see his friends, and had taken the girl that was house-maid to see her mother, who lived on the other side London, and was dying; that there was now only gardener and himself left, and cook and housekeeper; but butler would be back in three days.

It seemed very extraordinary to Haverill, that his father, who had moved his household from town for the sake of enjoying a fortnight's leisure in his new purchase, (so Mrs. Tympany informed him) should immediately on his arrival give his butler leave of absence, and send his housemaid beyond London, after bringing her down from thence. He asked on what day the butler went, and found, through all the prevarication the fellow was guilty of, that he and the housemaid set off on the very day follow-

ing that of Mr. Haverill's fall, and that the woman was not expected to return. The groom could not say where the young woman's mother lived; he did not know: she was come to live with master only a short time since, and he only knew she was called Martha. Haverill dismissed the man without making any observation; but he began to think that, in all probability, the butler and his mistress (so he conjectured the woman to be) had helped themselves largely to plate or something else; he concluded that they would not return.

CHAP. XX.

Further Particulars—a Letter—a Stranger.

It would be tedious, both to ourselves and our readers, to detail the uninteresting way in which Mr. Haverill passed his time at South D——, it was divided between the sick-room of his father, the examination of his papers, and occasional walks in the grounds, as well to be of use to his health, as to gratify his curiosity. Several of the neighbouring gentlemen sent to inquire after the invalid; but no visitor arrived at the house, and this state of solitude suited the gloom of Haverill's mind too well to be irksome to him. The intelligence from Fullbottom was, that the solicitor had the title-deeds of the estate; that Mr. Haverill, senior, had

drawn two hundred pounds last week from his banker, and that nobody had been at the town-house since Unwise. The physician who was sent from London told Haverill, that, in fact, every thing seemed to have been done for the old gentleman that could be done. "You must have patience, Sir," said he, "it may yet be some time before he goes; and, indeed, the longer the more distressing! life, in that situation, is a curse!"

A week elapsed, and all continued in the same situation; but neither butler nor housemaid returned, though Mrs. Tympany assured him that the butler was to be back in four days. He paid no attention to any thing she said; for he perceived, that, let the villainy be what it would, she was a party concerned. At the end of the week a considerable alteration took place in the situation of the sick man; he became restless, and frequently groaned deeply. He called

upon his son, unconscious that he was near him, and very frequently repeated the name of Lady Letitia.

In spite of all Mr. Socket's skill, and to do him justice he did his best, this irritation increased to an alarming degree; and one day when Haverill and Tympany were giving him his breakfast, he suddenly seized the woman by the throat, and almost strangled her. This violence rendered it necessary to have people about him who were accustomed to insane patients; and Haverill sent for two attendants, from a celebrated house, who were to relieve each other, and not, on any account, to leave the patient alone. As to himself he redoubled his vigilance, as he feared that any undue restraint might be used, and his father's situation thus rendered doubly distressing. To judge by his exclamations, one would have supposed that the ideas which had made some impression at a former time, had left some very faint

traces behind them, and that nothing that was actually passing made the least impression. He frequently repeated the word *dead* twenty times together; and once he said "I wrote:" but, when he was most violent, his chief exclamation was, "Villain! Hardenbrass!" The reader wlll easily conceive how distressing this scene must have been to Haverill.

The old man had been in this state about three days, when his son retired to write an account of his situation to Doctor Twentymen, and having finished his letter, he returned very softly to his father's room, where all was still. He had reached the door when he thought he heard some one talking; and, in the idea that it might be his father, he listened. It was the voice of Tympany, saying to the patient, who appeared more collected than at any preceding period, "Where is the box?" to this, however, she received no answer; for the poor man had never been able to understand

what was said to him. From this incident Haverill judged of the influence Hardenbrass had over Mrs. Tympany, as he supposed her, of course, acting under the orders of some of that nobleman's agents! it only made him determine to write to Twentymen for a woman to supply her place, and to redouble his own vigilance.

On the same day the butler returned alone, and said, that the housemaid had sent him word her mother was dying, and she could not return. This man was a new domestic, and Haverill by no means liked his appearance; he, therefore, told him, that his conduct in leaving the house, at such a time, was so very blameable, that he could not think of continuing him; and that he must desire him to give up his plate, and quit the house directly. The fellow, with the greatest coolness, said, "Master had hired him, and nobody else should turn him away;" upon which Haverill told him, that he

might take his choice to walk out, or to be kicked out, and, like a wise man, he preferred the former. He was then dismissed in form, and left the house with a muttered threat of revenge, that was not heard by him it was intended for.

Days again passed in patient watching on the part of the son, and idle raving on that of the father, who at times sunk as if life was exhausted; and Haverill more than once flattered himself that his sufferings were over! but they were yet prolonged. From Dr. Twentymen he received only a short note, not containing any thing worth repeating, and from Fullbottom he did not hear at all; but one day a letter that had been sent to H—— for him came enclosed from the doctor, and was, to his surprise, couched in the following terms:—

To Arthur Haverill, Esq.

I would fain, most injured man, make some atonement for the misery I have oc-

casioned; and I write to beg that you will beware! Hardenbrass is mad! well he may! but he is better---he will, ere long, recover, and you are the less likely to escape his snares, as so many are interested in concealing his villainies. Again, I say, beware!

There was no signature, but it was plain that Lady Letitia was the writer: the post-mark was that of a market-town in the county of S——. What line of conduct she could be pursuing, where she could be, or how she came by her intelligence, were all mysteries to Mr. Haverill, and perhaps the strongest feeling her letter produced was the recollection of the scene that occurred the last time he saw her: it brought Anarella again to his view, and with an agony none but those who have loved as well and as hopelessly as he did, can conceive, he hastened to his room, and threw himself on the bed. He had lain there some time, indulging in lamen-

tations, very foolish, very natural, and very useless, when the sun shining in at the window roused him, and, taking his hat, he walked out of the house, and, unconscious where he was going, he hurried down the road that led from the house to the high-road: as soon as he perceived where he was he would have returned, but he heard a noise of men and horses, and almost immediately a violent crash as if a coach had overturned. On flying to the spot, he found that to be the case, and that the only inside passenger was a good deal hurt; indeed so much so, that he did not think it safe to continue his journey, and Haverill humanely conducted him to his father's house, where he had such relief as he required.

He was a fine-looking man, past the middle age, and informed his host that he was recently from the continent. "A business of some importance brings me to England at this time, Sir," said he, "and in order to be as expeditious as possible, I

left my wife and two children at Canterbury, for the voyage disagreed with the eldest, who is a boy, very much! I could not have believed it. They will follow me in a few days to town; and a sad grief it will be for Mrs. Wilson to find me an invalid! so much depends on my life! Then her brother is recently dead! that is not very long ago, and she has been swindled out of his property! but that will come before the public! a court of law must decide that." "A law suit must be a most irksome thing, I should imagine," saidHaverill.

"Yes, indeed, Sir! and so uncertain!" returned Mr. Wilson, "one can never guess how the matter will be decided! But in this case there is more than one plaintiff! it is the setting aside a will! the thing has already made some noise, I believe, the will of the late Mr. Kirkham, of sporting celebrity!"

Haverill blushed and looked as confused at this as if he himself had committed the

forgery, and he could only bow in reply. His companion did not seem to observe this, but closed an acknowledgment for his hospitality, by requesting to know the name of the gentleman who had so much obliged him. Haverill actually hesitated to pronounce his name, so certain did he feel that Mr. Wilson would recognize him as the author of his wife's wrongs; but, conquering this weakness, he said, "My name, Sir, is Arthur Haverill." "Haverill!" exclaimed the old man, looking earnestly at him, "that is the name of a person I once—but no matter, Sir! you are probably of another branch, and"—Mr. Wilson was proceeding, when he became worse, and was obliged to be put to bed, where he remained some days, under the hands of Mr. Socket; and at last having ascertained that he was actually in the house of the Mr. Haverill whose character he knew so well, he addressed his young friend who divided his attention between him and his father in the follow-

ing manner: "Mr. Haverill, I have many obligations to your humanity and goodness of heart, and I return you my most sincere thanks for the preservation of a life, chiefly worth preserving, because on it the welfare of the otherwise helpless and forlorn depends. We may meet again, and I cannot help wishing, as far as regards yourself, that it may be not as enemies." "Certainly not as enemies, Mr. Wilson," returned Haverill! "nothing but my name can be the enemy of any one belonging to Mr. Wilson." "I am convinced of it, Sir, I am convinced of it! your father is not the first unworthy parent who has had a spotless child." I feel that! but I see I pain you! I sincerely wish that death may relieve Mr. Haverill! for your sake I wish it! but there is *another*, who must yet feel my sting!" This was pronounced with a violence that made Haverill start; and he was about to reply, when a messenger from the inn at Dartford came to announce

that a Mrs. Wilson and her children had arrived there, Mr. Wilson having had the precaution to send to that place to give notice that he expected them. In about half an hour Mrs. Wilson herself arrived, and her husband went away with her and his children. Haverill attended his guest to the carriage, and invited the lady to alight, but she refused, yet, with an air that seemed to say she should have had no objection to a little intimacy with so fine a young man; in short, there was a certain expression of countenance about her that disgusted Haverill; he thought her inelegant, and if not immodest, yet certainly not chaste in her manner. The thought came across him, whether she was not the mistress instead of the wife of Mr. Wilson; but he rejected it, as he thought if that was the case the gentleman would hardly have interfered about the will of Mr. Kirkham; and, besides, he had seen so many married women who enjoyed a good reputation in the world, and whose

manner was quite as unlike purity, as Mrs. Wilson's could be, that he thought it unjust to cast even a mental aspersion on that lady; and he soon forgot both her and all connected with her, in the painful scenes he witnessed in his father's apartment. Thither we shall attend him in a new chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

The death of Mr. Haverill, Senior, and what followed that event.

It appeared plain enough to Haverill that his father could not long survive, for after each succeeding paroxysm, he sunk into an increased state of debility, and his death was on every account so very desirable, that any appearance of renewed strength, while the mind was gone, would only have caused a painful regret. When he approached the house, after quitting Mr. Wilson, he heard the voice of the invalid louder than it had been during the last two days, and on hastening to the room, he found him struggling with his attendants, and endeavouring to leap from the bed. He seemed to have more " method in his madness" than

usual, and to take some notice of the objects about him. He evidently mistook Tympany for Lady Letitia, and accosted her by epithets, too gross to be repeated, and as soon as Haverill himself approached, for the first time since his accident, he called him by his name. Haverill thought this might be accidental, and he said, "Do you really know me, Sir?" To this he had no reply; but when the paroxysm was over, and he seemed sinking again into a state of forgetfulness, he breathed the word *Arthur*, as if he was really conscious that his son was present. Haverill sat down to watch what he began to think the progress of returning reason, and dismissing the attendants, he said he would ring if he wanted them.

Though Mr. Haverill's conduct had been cruel in the extreme to his son, he received on this melancholy occasion all the attention the fondest son could have shewn to the kindest parent, and Arthur Haverill forgot not only his own injuries,

but the crimes of the man in witnessing his wretched state: he pitied and succoured him, it will not be thought strange that he could not love him! Some hours passed, and Mr. Haverill moved not, spoke not, but his son did not choose to leave him, as he thought a crisis approaching, and about two in the morning the invalid said collectedly, "I am very ill."

"I fear you are, Sir," replied his son, "but you are already better!" To this he received no answer at the time, but in about five minutes his father said, "Major Haverill, are you here?" Haverill shewed himself, saying that he was in attendance upon him in consequence of his fall! "A fall!" said he, and then another pause ensued, which the father put an end to by saying, "You killed them all!"

"All who, Sir?" said Haverill, "Hardenbrass's bloodhounds!" returned the other with bitterness, then springing hastily from his bed, before his son could prevent him, he grasped Tympany as she

entered the room, crying, "I have him," and they fell together. It was the last struggle, and he was taken up a corpse.

The howling and lamentation which Mrs. Tympany, as soon as she could gain breath, gave breath to, was more real than such things are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for she had lost a good place, she imagined, and had been sorely pinched and squeezed. Haverill, however, was no sooner convinced that his father was really dead, than he retired to his study and wrote to Serjeant Fullbottom, to give him the information as well as to Doctor Twentymen, and these letters he dispatched by one of the men who had been employed about his father, and who mounted on a good horse, promised to be with the Serjeant by breakfast-time, and to put the other letter in the post-office. The other man he sent to the undertaker at Dartford, who appeared with a face of a proper length according to the quality of the deceased, and directly in an inverse

ratio to the liveliness of his hopes! but it assumed a still more ghastly hue, when he received orders to bury the deceased in as plain a manner as was at all consistent with propriety; and when he talked of not less than eighty or a hundred pounds could possibly do, heard to his great mortification, that less than half would more than satisfy the vanity of the heir. Poor Pall had no help for it, he was obliged to submit, and departed with wrath in his heart against all young heirs, who were, vowed he, almost as bad to deal with as widows.

In all his searchings Mr. Haverill had never found any Will or memoranda for making one, and as his father had so lately altered the nature of his property by converting his money into land, he thought it most probable that he had not made any: he had, however, desired Full-bottom to search the Town House, and to inquire of the solicitor. He determined again to go over his present habitation in

search of this box that seemed most likely to contain papers of importance, and while the women were engaged in the apartment of the deceased, he examined the study with the most minute attention; opened every case, every drawer, and tapped on the walls, to try if there was one place more hollow than another! but the wall returned a dull dead sound, and seemed all of the same depth. Still he was not satisfied! he felt assured that his father would not leave papers of any importance in an uninhabited house, as that in V— Street might be called, and it was plain that the agents of the Marquis were not in possession of the box from the inquiry of Mrs. Tympany! from the secret nature of its contents he would hardly leave it with an agent, and in short, he felt assured that it was in that house and most likely in that room. He went again to work, and travelled the same ground he had before, and with the same success! then taking down the books, he examined

the back of the book cases, two of which were let into a recess.

After having taken down and replaced every book except those on the bottom shelf of the last he examined, he thought he perceived that the shelf was moveable, though that in the corresponding case was fastened: his hopes were again awakened, and he attempted to slide it out. It did not yield to his effort, and he observed a spring in the centre, which he pressed down, and removed the shelf with ease. One part of the floor beneath yielded to the pressure of his hand, and by means of his penknife he raised a loose piece about a foot long, and in a sort of tin case that looked like a bread tin, he discovered a box which yielded to the key he had received in town.

It was full of papers, and that which first presented itself was indorsed, "Copy of Kirkham's Will received from Hardenbrass, it is his own writing."

Poor Haverill sickened! he had hardly courage to proceed, but he knew it grew late, and he was afraid of being surprised. The next thing was a packet of three or four letters tied together, and marked, "Hardenbrass's Letters on Arthur's Marriage, Memoranda, &c."—The next was a single paper, "Mem. of the Conversation I heard between Har. and Stirit respecting a child!" and to this paper was Haverill inclined to give a serious perusal when he heard the cook asking where young master was: equally fearful of being surprised, or of losing or destroying the paper, he hastily locked the box, and replaced it, and the wood shelf and books, determined that he would examine them more fully in the night.

Before Haverill made this discovery, he had had some thoughts of entrusting his father's funeral, his house, &c. to Mr. Socket, and of going himself to London, but now he determined to stay and to write to Fullbottom to come to him: he

felt the most lively hope, nay, a positive assurance, that he now had his enemy in his power, and with more satisfaction than he had experienced for a length of time, he sat down to his solitary meal. He had now discovered, at least, he thought he had, that Stirit was the detestable butcher, second only to the inhuman father, who could sever and burn a smiling infant; and he determined, if he found it so, as he doubted not he should, to lose no time in securing the villain! but this even would not free him from his wife! this would not leave him at liberty to lay his competence at the feet of Anarella, and beg her to bestow happiness on him by sharing it. This was the only thought that checked his exultation on the occasion, and yet a sort of soft hope lurked at the bottom, that he still might cast off Lady Letitia. What visions this hope led to we need not tell the reader, blessed enough to have felt love in its best and happiest sense! to him who never loved,

our description would be as colours to the blind, or sounds to a deaf man! Suffice it to say, that Mr. Haverill wandered so far in this delightful field, that for the time, he forgot his wrongs, his woes, his enemies, his father's crimes, and his own situation! he sat with his head leaning on both hands, in an attitude which the attendants said, shewed how much he mourned for the worthy old gentleman. The approaching twilight however reminded him of all those things above enumerated, and particularly of his father, whose funeral he had ordered to be in four days at the farthest; and as he had yet many domestic arrangements to make, he ordered candles and coals into the study, and desired he might not be disturbed on any account. The order was wisely given, but it was attended to pretty much as such orders usually are attended to! that is to say, before he had been ten minutes in the room, somebody tapped at the door. It was the

gardener, who came to ask whether he was expected to sit up to night! the women said he must, as they should one of them go to bed, and neither of them would stay without a man.

"They are quite right," said Haverill, "and as there are three of you males, surely one of you may sit up without any inconvenience."

"Very well, Sir, just, like, what is most agreeablest, Sir!" replied the gardener, but them as works at nights must lie by day like, Sir, and I thinks myself, Sir, that groom, as has no out door work to speak of, Sir, no more nor just, agreeable and so like, might just look over the old gentleman; God rest his precious soul! and make it agreeable, like! and leave me like, Sir!"

"I wish you would settle this among yourselves," said Haverill, "where is Atkins?"

"Why, Sir, Mrs. Trumpery say, that he have gone just to look ater his little

dater, as he heard vas not agreeable-like, down at Bilston, at the nurse woman, as has her, and he'll be back by morning."

"Morning!" said Haverill; "very extraordinary that he should leave the house without my permission!"

"Yes, indeed, Sir! and not at all agreeable-like!" answered Gardener; "but he said as how the worthy old gentleman was quiet and agreeable now, and would not give nobody no trouble, God rest his soul!"

"Well! I dare say the women are a good deal exhausted, by having sat up so much with my father," said Haverill; "and so I think you had better relieve them to-night, and take your rest to-morrow. You may go to bed as early as four in the morning, and groom, or Atkins, shall sit up to-morrow."

"Sir! I beg your honour's pardon!" said the man; "but did you mean like, as I should sit by the good old gentleman as was, all by myself, Sir?"

"Certainly! Why not?" said Haverill.

"Lord, Sir, I could nat undertake that, Sir: no, nat if your honour would give me a golden guinea for my pains, Sir!" said the man, changing colour.

"Why?" asked Haverill.

"Oh, dear Sir! to wauld nat be at all agreeable-like," said the man; "and I cauld nat sit no more by myself in a room vith any copse, than I cauld eat dung, Sir! Lord, Sir! why it widders me to think as may be his spirit might nat rest, and then I shid die dead as dung!"

"Well, really," said Haverill, surveying this tall, muscular man, with strength to knock down an ox, suffering and trembling at the mere idea of a spirit, with some surprise; "Really, gardener, I cannot arrange it! custom requires some person to watch a corpse, and you seem the freshest person about the house! but, if you dare not sit up alone, perhaps cook will sit by you."

"Cook, Sir! why, she say she's quite *stoasted*" (probably he meant exhausted); "but I've a leetle lad, just four year old, down at the cottage, and, if your honour vould give leave just to put him to sleep like by the side of the fire, in the worthy old gentleman's, as was, his room, I shid dare to wenture, for no spirit vould never go to do nothing as vas not agreeable till a bab."

"Very well!" replied Haverill; "fetch the bab, if you think you are safe with him."

And now, with trembling impatience, Haverill was proceeding to arrange his table, and displace the books, when Mrs. Tympany, sending her voice before her in audible murmurs, was heard approaching. The fear of having his treasure suspected, made Haverill admit her, and, on inquiring what she wanted, she began thus, weeping bitterly, as if her heart would break: "To think, Sir, it should ever come to this! I that have cherished

my worthy master, and been his comfort, by night and by day, and nobody can go for to say, that I ever said nay to any thing he desired! To have it said, now he's dead, dear, worthy, good gentleman! I never laid forth a prettier man in my life! To have it said by that good-for-nothing, stinking onion, Nahum Endive, the gardener, that I would not watch by his precious side, as long as ever he stays above ground! I should be ashamed of myself, to show such a spirit, or to go for to say any thing to the determent of any body! But master gardener have his own reasons, for coming a-whining and canting, and abusing the indoor servants, just to get a reward for sitting up; when all I said to he was, that I should not choose to sit all by myself: no more would not cook; and reasonable too! and Atkins, being gone, I said, may be he had better just stay with me, till past midnight! And now for him to persuade you, Sir, as I am no better than I should

be; and to bring in his bastards, as if a spirit would mind a bab."

Here Mrs. Tympany again had a violent fit of crying, and Haverill perceived that she was more than half drunk, having comforted herself with a large portion of the spirit allowed on such occasions. He advised her to go to bed, and defer her attendance on her master till the following night, as he was fully sensible of the fatigue she had undergone, and afraid she would be quite ill: but the more strenuously he advised her to repose, the more determined she was to sit up; and nothing would satisfy her, but having Nahum forbidden to bring, either his boy or himself. This Haverill withstood; he grew quite angry, and told her, at last, that he insisted upon every body going to bed, except the gardener and his son; then, not being able to get rid of her, he fairly thrust her out of the study, and, locking the door, said he chose to be alone, and would not again be disturbed.

He was able to secure the first part of his choice, being alone; but not to be disturbed, was beyond his power, for the house was on too small a scale, to enable the inhabitant of one room to exclude the noise in another; and Mrs. Tympany, finding Gardener in the kitchen, fell upon him, not only with her tongue, but her nails, and a most indecent scuffle ensued, during which she reproached him, with wanting to ruin her with young master; and telling heaps of lies about her. The man, for some time, kept her at arm's length, and only answered her by hissing at her, and desiring she would be agreeable; but she was pot valiant, and, irritated to madness by his hisses, at last exerted her energies so much, that Nahum was constrained, in his own defence, to do the best he could, and, suddenly clasping her round, so as to confine her arms, he laid her along on the floor, with as much ease as if she had been a child. This was no sooner perceived by the cook, than a

cry of "Rape! Ruin! Rape!" echoed through the house, and Haverill felt himself constrained to endeavour to quiet the tumult: he ran to the kitchen, just as Nahum had discovered, to the great horror of Mrs. Tympany, that there was a more than usual prominence before, and he was very coolly hoping she would not miscarry. Poor Mrs. Tympany was too little herself, to be able to deny the fact, though she talked a good deal about scandal; and Haverill ordered the cook to put her to bed, and the gardener to repair to his post.

Time, who is a perfectly independent member of society, and scorns, with a Jacobinical spirit, to truckle to kings any more than to the meanest of their subjects, having, in truth, no more respect for them than for a shoeblack, Time had been travelling at his usual pace, while Mr. Haverill was suffering the interruptions we have recounted, and, when he again found himself quiet in his study, he heard the

clock strike eleven. He thought, that before he once more attempted to open his deposit, he would wait to ascertain that all remained still, and, stirring his fire, he sat down, and, worn out with watching and agitation, soon fell fast asleep.

CHAP. XXII.

The unpleasant Disturbance Mr. Haverill suffered —And Preparations for a Journey.

In that happy state of forgetfulness that sets woes past, present, and to come at defiance, commonly called sleep, Mr. Haverill remained till about four o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by the loud barking of the dog, and the sound of a carriage at the front of the house. Surprised that any one should come at that hour, as they must have travelled all night, Haverill went to the window of his bed-room, and inquired who they were? A decent-looking man, who sat so forward in the chaise, that Haverill could not, by the promised light of the approaching day, see whether he was alone or not, put out his head, and inquired if the gen-

tleman he saw was Mr. Arthur Haverill, who had been Major in the ——. Haverill answered, that he was. "Then, Sir," said the man, "I bring a packet, of some consequence, from Doctor Twentymen, of H——: he sent me by Mail to London, as the quickest, and I took a chaise down directly."

Though the man looked perfectly respectable, and it was probable that Twentymen might have received information of great consequence, Haverill hesitated to open his doors; and he told the person, that as soon as his men were up, he would send one round for the papers. "I cannot admit you here, or ask you to take refreshment," said he; "my father now lies in the house a corpse, and I must beg that you will return to the inn you passed last, and get whatever you choose at my expense." He then went to call the groom, and ordered him to go round the back-way, and take a parcel from the stranger in the chaise. Unwillingly and

slowly the groom arose, spite of his master's exhortations to be quick, and, while he unbarred the doors of the back entrance, Haverill returned to his post above stairs, to observe what was passing. On the staircase he met the gardener, who had been awakened by the noise, and, desiring him to go to bed, he proceeded to his own room. When he reached the window, the groom was standing by the chaise, while the person within seemed selecting some papers from a huge leather case. Curiously conjecturing what Twentymen's letters could contain, Haverill's attention was so far engaged, that he did not observe a stranger was in the room with him, till he touched his shoulder, and told him he was his prisoner.

"Prisoner!" cried Haverill; "at whose suit? I owe no man any thing! You must have mistaken my person."

"Mistaken your person, young gentleman!" said the man who had first appeared in the chaise, and now entered the

room, "that is not very easy! A fine person! not often nick a finer. I have you down here! about five feet ten; well made, rather muscular than otherwise; forehead large, eyes grey, nose Grecian, mouth placid, chin round, hair brown and curling, with left arm in a sling; stoops a little: wears his hat over his eyes."

"Well, Sir! this description may suit half a hundred, as well as myself," returned Haverill. "Why do you claim me as your prisoner?"

"Sir, I apprehend you as a felon! on the information of John Stirit, Esq. of Pont-y-V——, county of ——, who has taken some pains to collect evidence, I believe. I have the warrant of Mr. Justice Hellborough, and——"

"Does Justice Hellborough's jurisdiction extend to the county of Kent?" asked Haverill.

"Ecod! I believe it extends to Hell gates, if that's all!" answered the man; "but that's neither here nor there! we

have likewise a warrant for taking you in the county of Kent, or any where else; and it's no use to stand parleying. Are not you the man that let the villains into Rose Cottage, where you went by the name of Harkles? You are so described: Arthur Haverill, alias Harkles, and how many other aliases you may have, is best known, perhaps, at the Old Bailey."

Haverill now perceived that Hardenbrass and Stirit, aware of their own danger from the probability of his becoming possessed of his father's papers, had entered on the mad resolution of accusing him as accessary to their own plot, and probably would bring witnesses to swear that or any thing else. He could not, at this moment, offer any resistance to the fellows who were come, and all he could hope was such a delay as should enable him to send to Fullbottom, from whom he had been expecting the return of his messenger some hours. After seeing the authority of his visitors, he said, that as his

name and person were rightly described, he should not oppose their authority to remove him, but he demanded to be carried before the next Justice of Peace, as was usual on such occasions. "The idea of being concerned with any miscreants of the sort, or taking part in a burglary, is too absurd to be entertained a moment," said he, "an examination is of course the best thing for the innocent."

"Aye! aye! young man, you talk it well," said one of the men, "but our orders are positive, and, whether you are innocent or not, will come out at 'size. I'm glad you don't resist, for though we should not get any harm by treating you with a peppercorn or two, if you did, yet it's a pity you should not have fair play! —How long shall you be, 'fore you are ready?" added he, producing a pair of handcuffs.

Haverill's blood began to boil at the thought of having such an indignity offered to him, and it was with the

greatest difficulty that he prevented himself from knocking the fellow down: had his own fate only been concerned, he would have run the risk of the consequence of such an action, but he panted for revenge, and the wish for that made him prudent. After surveying the men and their implements with indignation, he said as calmly as he could, "You surely do not intend to offer me such an insult as that? I am already lame and unable to resist, and I have no inclination to make off, even if I had the means—all I desire is to be confronted with my accuser."

"All very fine!" said the man, "but we must do our duty. You may *bleed* if you please! any gentleman may *bleed*, that is a different thing—quite another guess matter. An't it, Anthony?"

"Oh yèes! quite another matter, Master Griffinhoof!" answered Anthony.

"Bleed!" cried Haverill, "what do you mean?"

"*Touch*, Sir! *touch!*" said Griffinhoof,

clapping the forefinger of his right hand to the right side of his nose; exactly in the same manner and with the same air that Mr. J——, that elegant person, whom we saw enact Mercutio, did when he spoke the famous Mab speech, contriving by that, and sundry other gesticulations and grimaces, to prove to the applauding audience, that Mercutio was a low-lived buffoon, and not as we had fondly imagined, when we read the scene, a *gentleman!* and this action in Mr. Griffinhoof, as well as Mercutio, was so natural and expressive, that it conveyed the meaning of the words 'Bleed,' and 'Touch,' completely to the understanding of Mr. Haverill, who answered it, by ringing the bell, and ordering the groom to bid the cook send up breakfast. He then said he supposed that they would give him a day's respite, as his father now lay dead in the house.

"Why, as to that, Sir, you see it can make no manner of difference to the old

fellow about staying," returned Griffinhoof; "lucky for him he went, for he was in for it too it seems, and as to that, Sir, I dares to say somebody will clap him into the ground. But I dares to say you knows how a gentleman should behave; howsomever it's no use in this here, for we must get on a little to-day."

After this Haverill determined to say no more, but to comply with the best grace he could; he even thought it might conduce more to procure him a complete revenge, to go down to Pont-y-V——, where he could have Twentymen and Fullbottom, as well as in Kent, and he set about preparing for his journey, with an alacrity that surprised Mr. Griffinhoof and Anthony. He retired to his room to change his linen, and thither his keepers accompanied him; but when he would have made the groom, for want of a better operator, attempt to shave him, they raised as much clamour as if he had endeavoured to cut his throat, and he was

obliged to desist from his design. He then wrote a note to Mr. Socket, inclosing one for Sergeant Fullbottom, and sent it off by the gardener. After this he deliberately sealed every place that might be supposed of consequence, and among the rest, a closet where he had deposited his portmanteau, with such arms as yet remained to him; this done, he sat down to breakfast, and invited the strangers to partake. There was something so manly, so collected, and so gentlemanly in the deportment of Mr. Haverill, that though he neither *touched* nor *bled*, as his guides would have wished, they very much softened their manner to him, and seeing that no resistance in any shape was offered, they laid aside the manacles they had threatened him with. After eating a large portion of his beef, and drinking no small quantity of his ale, they hinted that for their own sakes, they must search his person. He said they might, as far as arms were concerned, satisfy themselves,

but that they would bitterly repent an attempt to meddle with his property; and though their fingers itched for gold, they preferred extracting it by art during the journey, rather than beginning a *row*, that might occasion them trouble, and being satisfied that he had neither pistols, knife, razor, scissors, nor bodkin, they suffered him to retain his purse, keys, pocket-book, and pencil. It was Haverill's great aim, to defer his departure till the return of the gardener, and the arrival of Mr. Socket, and by ordering up a supply of ale, and a bottle of wine, he succeeded; Mr. Socket arrived, and expressed no small degree of horror at the posture of affairs. He imagined it was an arrest for debt, and his own bill seemed a blank before his eyes. Haverill perceived his opinion, and he did not undeceive him, but addressing him in French, which Socket, having been a surgeon in the navy, spoke passably, he told him that he wished to entrust the house and

its contents, as well as the funeral, to his management, and that as soon as that was over, the present servants, with the exception of the gardener, should be discharged, with each a quarter's wages, and a trusty person put in to guard the premises. "My friend, Sergeant Fullbottom, to whom I have written," said he, "will remit you the necessary sums, and I could wish, if possible, that the funeral might be expedited. To-morrow would be still better than the next day."

Socket was surprised to hear that a man arrested at such a critical moment, had any friend who would advance any sums for him, but his consequence was gratified by the trust reposed in him, and he promised implicit obedience to his orders; he then thought proper to sport what he, in the course of his practise, called the *Hoax lacrymalis*, or an attempt to produce an appearance of something like a tear in his eye, protesting, as

well as his French would let him, that he was "extremely sorry, extremely sorry——" but Haverill interrupted him, and said that a short time would terminate the whole business. The household being then called together, were told that they were to obey the orders of Mr. Socket, as their master's representative during his own absence, and with this, they none of them looked contented: as to Tympany, she appeared humbled and mortified to excess.

When Haverill got into the chaise, which he did about half past eight, he asked, in the hearing of Socket, who was not observed by Mr. Griffinhoof, which road they travelled, and that gentleman replied, "to the gallows," with a laugh at his own wit, that for some moments prevented him from entering the chaise. "And which way do we go to it?" asked Haverill. "Not to London, but cross like to Reading, and that way," answered

Griffinhoof; which Haverill bid Socket observe, always addressing him in French, and he desired he would inform Full-bottom of the circumstance.

CHAP. XXIII.

A Journey.—Who Mr. Haverill heard of on the Way.—The Price of Repose.—Conversation.

Mr. Haverill and his new companions had hardly proceeded half a mile on their journey, when the good liquor these last gentlemen had drunk at South D——, operated so agreeably upon them, that they both fell asleep, and soon formed a most delectable concert on the nose, which in both performers was a fine tenor. Haverill would easily have escaped from them, but he had formed his resolution, and as they must pass through H——, he was certain of there meeting with his friend Twentymen; he abandoned himself then to conjecturing what sort of evidence Stirit would produce, and he could not imagine any that could at all stand against

his known character, and the testimony of his respectable connexions! even Hardenbrass himself had met him in the field, and he would not have done so, had he not been a gentleman. On the other side, it seemed little probable that his enemies would have essayed this desperate stroke, if they had not laid their plans deeply, and to their own conceptions, at least, securely; and, spite of his perfect innocence, he felt a sort of dread that the infernal machine might be too securely placed to fail in its operation. From the great civility, and even indulgence, with which his conductors treated him, he conjectured that they had orders to treat him well; and this, no doubt, to avoid any imputation of malicious dealing; and he resolved to make the journey easy to himself, and not to enter Pont-y-V—— in an exhausted state.

From himself, his ideas naturally recurred to his father, and he could not help admiring, that the misguided man

had been deprived of the last cares and attentions of a son, by the very people to whom he had sold that son. With regard, however, to every thing essential, he had done his duty; and he rejoiced, that this event had not occurred before his father's death. The most unlucky circumstance for him, was the absence of Mrs. and Miss St. Arno, and with this he supposed his enemies acquainted. The idea of Miss St. Arno, once awakened, served for the subject to a mournful volume, and he continued insensible to every thing else till the end of the stage.

The chaise stopped with an amazing jerk at the door of the inn, and suddenly awoke the two Arguses, who each rapt out a tremendous oath, and cried, "Gone by God!" but Haverill was not gone, he was sitting very patiently between them. He told them, however, that he chose to alight, and as they were by this time very thirsty, they made no objection to his

motion, but the one preceding, and the other following, conducted him into a parlour, where they ordered a tankard of lamb's wool, as the day was rather fresh and cold; they invited him to partake, but he preferred coffee, and while it was preparing, he walked forth to survey a pretty flower-garden, that already bloomed with the early beauties of the year. This movement by no means met with the approbation of the gentlemen, but he took no other notice of their remonstrances, than desiring them, if they pleased, to accompany him; and Anthony, who, it seemed, was Griffinhoof's bum, was obliged to perform the office to which he was elected, much against his inclination. Haverill judged by the manner in which they were received here, that the profession of these worthy gentlemen was known in the place, and a girl of ten years old, who came to tell him his coffee was ready, looked as if she was terrified, and afraid to speak to him. "What

makes you look at me so earnestly, and as if you were afraid, my dear?" said he. The child hesitated a moment, and then said, "I was wondering when you would grow ugly! for mam says all wicked people are ugly."

"And do you think I am wicked?" asked Haverill, smiling.

"No!" said she, "I don't *think* you are! but I hear you are. You don't look so wicked as the gentleman up stairs."

"Who's that, you young spawn of the Devil?" asked Anthony. But the girl was gone, and our two travellers re-entered the parlour, where Mr. Griffinhoof was amusing himself with a paper and lamb's wool. "Harkee, Anthony!" cried he, as soon as he saw his companion, "I smell game! blood in the wind, my boy! I hear that a man has been here with a quean four days, and that he slinks. Now why should a man slink if all's fair, and above board, as a body may

say? The woman is ill! all a flam, depend upon it! I would bet a hundred that it is one of the Croydon gang, as there has been such a search for!"

"Then us had better nick he!" said the Bum.

"Assuredly!" said the leader, "dead he at vonce!"

And now, with all the eagerness of a lover who has got sight of his mistress, or a sportsman who sees the fox before him, Anthony entered upon his office, and seeing the girl carrying the tea things up stairs, he said he would help her: he took the tray and entered the room, where on one side of the fire sat Colonel Liptrap, in a miserable dishabille, and on the other poor Monimia Tilt, the picture of discontent and wretchedness. Anthony knew the Colonel well, as did every bailiff, every bum, and every police officer in the metropolis, and the Colonel was aware of this, for he could not but recollect Anthony. He affected, how-

ever, not to look at him, and Mrs. Tilt, who was making a lamentation when the man entered, had neither prudence nor delicacy enough to discontinue it on that account. " It's a shame, Colonel, it is, that you should not have got me one," said she, " but I will have one! so now you know."

" I know you're a fool, Madam," said he, in an under tone, " can't you hold your tongue?"

The lady took the tip of her tongue between her fingers, and then said, " Yes, Colonel! you see I can." Anthony had by this time shut the door, where he stood listening; and the Colonel, unconscious that he was overheard, started from his chair and cried, " I see you are a cursed fool! a poor vain fool! a voluptuous fool! would to God I had never known you! you'll be my ruin, fool!

" You've been mine, Colonel Liptrap!" cried Momimia.

" How often, you perverse piece of

obstinacy, must I desire that you will not call me by my name?" cried the Colonel; "you know very well that the expences I have been at with you have made my name inconvenient, and you take every opportunity of pronouncing it!"

"La! I forgot!" said Monimia, in the most provoking apathetic drawl in the world.

"I wish I could forget, or recal the last two months of my life," said the Colonel, walking about in great agitation, "but I must dispose of you, and leave the kingdom, before the damages throw me into a prison, or oblige me to distress my family! we will go to-day, Madam, and I shall send you back to your vulgar mother and sister; I suppose they will not turn you out!"

Here Monimia began to cry violently, and said any thing was better than living in such places as she had with him, and she should be glad enough to go back to mamma, though she was as cross as

cross could be! "Besides, I shall have a child, and mamma will nurse it for me, and that's more than you will, you hard-hearted man," added she.

"The animal is not mine," said the Colonel, "you know best whose it is! Grinwell boasted that he enjoyed your favors before me, and, indeed, I believe it, from the readiness you shewed to oblige me."

"He told a lie!" said Monimia, "I never favored any body but you and my husband, and I wish I was with him again, he is worth twenty such hard-hearted men as you, he is! and I should like to live with him better than any body! you told me we should never be found out, and that it was the way with all pretty women to have other lovers besides their own husbands, but if I'd known that being found out, meant living in a room here and there, I would not have obliged you, Colonel Liptrap."

"You would! you could not have rea-

soned so far, you fool!" said the Colonel. "I had no idea you were such a fool! so ignorant of what every child, almost, knows, and as obstinate as you are ignorant. But my resolution is taken, Monimia! I shall put myself in the first coach for Gravesend, and thence sail to Calais. The money I have I will divide with you, that is, after our bill here is paid, I will leave you enough to keep you a week, and you must write to your mother to send for you, you are not fit to be alone, much less to travel alone."

"You're a savage to leave me!" cried Monimia, but the Colonel rung the bell and ordered pen, ink, and paper, and his bill. When these were brought, he bid Monimia write to her mamma, and himself dictated what she was to say, and this being done amidst a tempest of tears and reproaches, he put the letter in his pocket, paid his bill, and giving Monimia five pounds, prepared to depart by a coach that usually passed about that hour.

As Mr. Haverill and his companions remounted their vehicle they saw this gallant lover enter the coach, and Anthony, who knew the whole history of the Colonel, and his amour with Mrs. Tilt, amused his fellow travellers with the recital of it: had it happened earlier in our history, we might probably have repeated it, at least, as much as our readers are unacquainted with, but time is now precious, and events grow more interesting!

After Anthony had concluded his story, with many characteristic comments upon it, the party remained silent for some time, and nothing either within or without the chaise attracting the attention of the two great men, who commanded in the vehicle, they again fell asleep. And now Mr. Haverill began to feel that he was not yet recovered from his wounds though much better, and he was very desirous to repose an hour or two during the middle of the day, and proceed towards evening. It was past two o'clock when they stop-

ped at Reading, and he told his guards that he must have some respite on account of his wound. Mr. Griffinhoof said he would have granted him a respite with all his heart, but business must be minded, and they must get over the ground: if so be, however, that he had e'er a shiner to speak for him, things might be managed, seeing as how your shiners, or what was as good, your *rags*, would make all things easy. Rags was the go now, and a gentleman, he did not doubt, knew how to return civility shewn him.

"Certainly, Sir," said Haverill, "I know how to return a civility, but to know is not enough, one must have the power. Had you indulged me with waiting a day or two at South D——, I might have been better able than I am now to shew civilities; but I could hardly take possession of the estate before my father was buried."

"Estaté! umph! is not that a hum, young gentleman? I heard master Stirit

say there was no bottom to that estate, and that the only tree you could call your own, would be that he hoped to raise you to, and that you must be indebted for that to the county," cried the bailiff.

"Indeed!" said Haverill, willing to hear what opinion his guides had of Stirit, "and I suppose you would take Mr. Stirit's word for a thousand pounds?"

"Not I," said Anthony, "I know him too well! What, don't I remember his pranks when he lived with the Duke? a Doctor forsooth! I wonder who made he a Doctor?"

"Vhy the Markass to be sure," answered Griffinhoof, "and I don't see vhy he should not be as good a Doctor as the best of 'em. Ecod, my sweetheart Becky tells queer tales of his doctoring! I wonder where Becky is now? Groaning, I suppose, with that B—— my lady."

"Vhy vhat tales did she tell? I never came to the rights of that!" said Anthony.

" To the wrongs you means, ha! ha! ha!" said Mr. Griffinhoof, " I wonder when that will come to light, as most thinks it will some day!"

" Vhy vhen the old Duke kick the bucket mayhap," said Anthony. " Oh vhat a precious deal of stuff the Doctor did tell I at Bunce's now about nighst a year and half a-gone, there vhen he comed up to London—and could not tell for vhat! But I mind me as we sat late a having a bowl, Bunce's little girl set her clothes on fire, and he shook all at vonce, as if he vas to be nubbed vor it." Here Mr. Griffinhoof put his finger to his nose, to stop Anthony from proceeding, and asked Haverill what he would offer to rest himself. That young man feeling the absolute necessity of some repose, and finding that unless he paid for it he could not have it, said that he would present them with a pound note if they would stop three hours at Reading. Mr. Griffinhoof declared in return, that nothing

less than a pound an hour would do, and Haverill was fain to comply, in order to be the better able to pursue his journey on the morrow. His companions ordered dinner to be ready in two hours, and locking him into a room, went about a little business they had in the town, as it was their maxim not to lose any opportunity of turning a penny. It was long before Haverill could gain any rest; but at last he fell asleep, and continued so full two hours and a half, when he was awakened by Anthony, who came to inform him dinner was ready.

CHAP. XXIV.

The danger of indulging in good eating.—The scientific conduct of the Apothecary.—Haverill arrives at H———.

ANTHONY looked surprised when Mr. Haverill, instead of expressing any sort of pleasure or satisfaction at the news he imparted, only desired to have a bottle of wine and some biscuit, and not to be disturbed again till the chaise was ready. "Vhy law, Sir!" cried Anthony, "Master Griffinhoof, to give the devil his due, have a hordered quite a sumshus dinner like, in the thought you would eat of it! he'll be fairly beat all to nothing if you vont eat." "Why so?" said Haverill, "there will be the more for himself and you!"

"Vhy to be sure, an like of that, Sir,

is sartain!" said Anthony; "but this be von of his pranks, and I don't believe he'd a given me a farthing vor my share! he never don't let me have a snack."

"What, does he keep you without food?" said Haverill.

"No! no! that's nothing to say to't," said this honest man, "nothing at all! but he haves his stispences, and he vould clear the dinner out of you!"

"Oh! I understand!" said Haverill, "and I think when such honest plans are put in practice, it is hard that you should not have your share! but pray leave me! I cannot eat, and I must have as much rest as I can! I shall dine at Abingdon." Anthony retired, and soon after brought the wine and biscuit, leaving Haverill once more alone. When the gentlemen had dined, and drank as much as the time would allow, they called Haverill, who, after paying for his wine, descended, and pursued his journey. Griffinhoof looked out of humour, and the party reached

Abingdon in the evening, without exchanging half a dozen words. This was very agreeable to Haverill, who asked the waiter what he could have for dinner, without taking any notice of his companions. The man told him there was a party of gentlemen dining in the house, and they had bespoken all the fish; but any thing else was to be had in abundance. Haverill looked at the bill of fare, and ordered a grilled fowl and stewed beef steak, for which the house was it seems famous. This cavalier behaviour of his prisoner did not seem to please Mr. Griffinhoof; but notwithstanding his gloom, he appeared to have an increased respect for him; and being at all times fond of good eating, he determined to remunerate himself now for the extraordinary expence he had been at at Reading; and when dinner appeared, he sat down to table without waiting for an invitation. Anthony looked as if he would have liked to do the same, but he received no en-

couragement from his leader; which Haverill perceiving, and making in his own mind no difference between the men, he desired him to take a chair, and then helped himself to some of the fowl. Now it so happened, that of all the good things in the world of which Mr. Griffinhoof was enamoured, stewed beef steak was a prime favorite, and being left to his own devices, he helped himself largely to it. Anthony tasted it, but said the beef was spoiled in the cooking; and Haverill gave him the wing of the fowl to make him amends. Dinner passed in silence; Haverill ordered his wine, and Mr. Griffinhoof called for spirits and water. Haverill found himself so strong, from his rest and refreshment, that he desired his keeper to order the horses, as he could very well go another stage that evening, and the bell was rung for the purpose. When all was ready, Haverill stepped into the chaise, and Griffinhoof was following him, when he observed him all at once turn deadly pale,

large drops of sweat burst from his pores, and he fell lifeless on the pavement, with a force that made the street ring again.

This accident, for which of course no one could account, necessarily attracted the attention of every body in and near the house, and among the rest, a respectable looking woman, who had come by a coach, and was proceeding towards W——, approached and recognized the amiable and now prostrate Griffinhoof for a dear friend and old acquaintance;—and he was no sooner carried into the room, and extended on the floor, than she fell upon her knees, and uttered a prayer for his restoration, in a tone which some of the bystanders observed would raise the dead. The Landlady, however, took more effectual means; for she sent for a surgeon to bleed him, and brought warm water to put his feet in! the feet which were cold as death were immersed, but no benefit ensued; and some of the company observed that he must be poisoned. Upon

this the Surgeon enquired what he had eaten during the day, and Anthony, who had, it seemed, been accustomed to be examined, very deliberately began the following enumeration of items, which we shall give with the Apothecary's observations thereon; the whole company listening with the greatest attention, and the sick man patiently, because insensibly waiting the sentence of the Court! Anthony spoke thus:

"The very virst thing this morning up at Shitter's Hill, a had a stomaching to keep out the cold!"

"Of what did it consist?" asked the Doctor.

"Brandy," answered Anthony, and then went on. "Next a had a sort of breakvast; I do think nat more than three platefuls of excellent beef! nathing to speak of!"

"Well, well!" said Esculapius, "that is good physic in honest old England!" at which opinion there was, throughout the

audience, a murmur of general and heart-felt approbation.

"Ater the beef a had two quart or thereabout of good ale as I'd ever wish to taste, and half a bottle of vine."

"Aye!" interrupted the doctor, "there, doubtless, was the mischief, and it is material for me to know exactly and precisely of what description the poison he has swallowed belongs to, that I may apply the proper force to dislodge the enemy. Go on, honest man! go on! did any body else taste these deleterious liquors?" "Yes, indeed!" said Anthony, looking very arch, "I drank a pretty pull myself, and they don't tear me."

"Ah!" cried the doctor, "they have not met with any thing repugnant then! no opposing matter! much might be said on this subject, and much more remain unsaid; but the poor man is ill, has he taken any thing else, or do we act on this information?"

"Else!" said Anthony, "why bless you,

doctor, "that's but a snack." (At this the whole room laughed.) At the Crow, Sir, he had a pint of lamb's wool, made pretty good, I can tell you! and at Reading a had fish, and pork, and rabbits, and a happle pie, and a did not leave much of any like, and ale a pretty deal, and a bowl of punch! You'll observe I had part! and a took a glass of neat just after all; and since a came here a have eat a dish of stewed beef steaks, and a rummer of brandy and water, and cheese and bread, not to speak of ale." "None of these things," said the doctor, who was listened to like an oracle in his circle, "none of these things ought, in the common course, to disagreè with a man, and yet it seems not improbable that some one or all of them may have been the cause of that defalcation of animation that we behold. In this case I should imagine an emetic may do good! but let us raise the poor creature, and see whether any life is in him; an emetic and cathartic will as-

sist in removing the uneasy extension of the stomach, which probably presses upon the seat of life and animation, and suspends for a time the course of nature."

How much longer the good man would have continued his learned discourse it is impossible to predict, had he not been stopped by an accident. The patient shewed, by the contraction of his body and legs, that the evil, let it be what it would, was in his lower stomach; and nature making an effort as if in derision of the doctor, he began to dislodge a part of his day's labors by two channels, that upwards, and that downwards, and soon cleared the room of one-half of the visitors. At the same moment news came down stairs that one of the gentlemen who had eaten of the beef-steak was seized in the same way; and an enquiry as to the ingredients in the gravy, the vessel they were stewed in, &c. was set on foot; but, as this does not concern our history, we shall only say, that as soon as

Mr. Griffinhoof was put to bed, and left under the care of his female friend, Haverill proposed to Anthony to continue their journey, to which Anthony by no means objected, having taken care to secure to himself the contents of his friend's pockets, as he was certain he said that he would never nab again. Haverill now determined to take the direction of his journey himself, as he naturally enough conjectured that Anthony would let him do as he pleased, provided he paid him well; and, as they pursued their way in a very dark night, he addressed him as follows: "You are very well aware, Anthony, that if I choose to turn back I could now do so, as my resolution would probably overcome any vigilance you might shew. By the behaviour of both yourself and your master to me, I *know* that you are not ignorant that this is an infamous plot against my life and my honour, and perhaps you think that I cannot withstand it. But you are mistaken! I have money

enough to make the law active, and powerful friends to assist me; and those who are my enemies will bitterly repent their conduct! the real depredators will be discovered; and not only the lady who was attacked, but I myself will give a handsome reward to any one who shall discover them. You look like an honest man; and if you know any thing about that infernal plot, you will be wanting to your own interest not to come forward to make it public."

Though it was dark, so that Haverill could not see his companion's face, he found that what he said made a deep impression on him by sundry exclamations and hems, and he waited his answer in some anxiety: but Anthony was an old bird, and he maintained a profound silence: he wished to have some idea of how much he could get by telling and compare it with his gains for not telling. Haverill guessed in part his thoughts, and after a considerable pause went on.

"What countryman are you, Anthony?"

"A S—, man, Sir," answered Anthony.

"And how came you in your present situation?" "Through misfortunes, Sir!" replied Anthony: "I lived with the Duke of Trimingham same time as Master Stirit lived with the Duke of Trunch, and the luck of him! there was a rumpus in our family about some things, and though I was as innocent as a lamb, I was forced to submit to be kept up! Vell, then, Sir, I comed down to be a guard at the castle like, over the old Duke, and a pretty time we have had; and I was sent up not so long since to Master Griffinhoof; he have done a sight of bisnis for Doctor Stirit! it is nat the virst time I've a been sent to Landon to he."

"Are you well paid?" said Haverill.

"Nat so vell as I should be, to say

true!" said Anthony; "but I can make 'em come down soon!"

"To what tune?" asked Haverill, glad to find that the man would treat, though determined not to give him money at present.

"Nay, Sir, that's neither here nor there." said Anthony.

"Very well!" said Haverill; "I suppose Stirit is your friend?"

"No, by G—" s aid Anthony heartily: "and so he shall find, when I comes to the rights of that journey to London! Vhy, I might make *eighty* down on the nail, and perhaps more!"

"Oh!" said Haverill, carelessly; "that's a *trifle!*" and he determined to say no more, but to leave this observation to work its way.

He slept four hours during the night, and the next day proceeded to W——, which place he reached in the evening, and left a note with the landlady at the

Hop Pole, for Fullbottom, whose arrival he doubted not: here again he took some rest, and then, with a beating heart, proceeded to H——, and drove directly to Doctor Twentymen's.

CHAP. XXV.

Which contains Things worth knowing.

It would be impossible to describe Mr. Haverill's disappointment and mortification, at hearing that his friend the Doctor, in consequence of a letter received the preceding night, had left home early in the morning, and was not expected to return till the evening of the following day but one; Sweetapple added, that his friend, Mr. Ingram, went along with him. The Doctor, contrary to his usual custom, had not left word where he was gone; he went in Mr. Ingram's carriage, and left no message for any body. This unforeseen and unexpected circumstance placed Haverill in an awkward dilemma, as he knew nobody at H— sufficiently

well to request their company on such an occasion, and he did not choose to trust himself alone among his enemies. He now wished heartily that he had waited at W---- for Fullbottom; but in his own mind he attached some importance to being at Pont-y-V—— before Griffinhoof arrived, and of course appearing there not as a prisoner. He enquired for Twentymen's pistols, which he loaded, while Sweetapple had his dinner prepared, and Twig took such good care of Anthony that he was soon dead drunk. Sweetapple took it for granted that he would stay till her master returned, and she asked him, with a smile, whether he would have his own room, or Miss St. Arno's, dear sweet young lady! and we trust our readers will forgive him, if he inclined to the latter! Never had he so wished for Anarella! never was her presence so necessary to him on every account! but he chose wrong if he intended to rest, for the remembrance of all his

own hard fate, and her superior excellencies, kept him awake the greatest part of the night, and by exhausting, in some measure, unfitted him for the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning, the servants having learnt from Anthony in what capacity he waited on Mr. Haverill, the whole house was filled with a clamour, that astonished him on whose account it was raised, and if he had not interfered the poor man would have fared but badly among the enraged domestics. Honest Twig, with tears in his eyes, said that it should never be said Mr. Haverill went before any justice without somebody to speak to his character; and Mrs. Sweetapple vowed that she would entrust the household for once to Mrs. Twig, and go herself. There was no appeasing them, or persuading them, that, to make his arrival, and much more the cause of it, public, might do him an injury, or give his enemies, whom he wished to take by sur-

prise, an advantage over him. Haverill found, that unless he went that very day to Pont-y-V——, the news of his arrival would precede him. He determined however to await the coming in of the mail, and to his great relief, and that of three inside passengers, Sergeant Fullbottom got out of that machine. Haverill almost embraced him, and after a short time that the Sergeant gave to refreshment and ablution, the two friends set out, leaving Anthony in the custody of Twig, who promised to have him forthcoming when called for. Upon calculating their distance they found that they should arrive at Pont-y-V—— about dusk, and they determined to drive to Justice Hellborough's immediately on their reaching the place. The Sergeant put the case in every possible way, and said, that he had no conception they could make any thing of it, as the steps taken were so extraordinary as to prove almost to a certainty that a conspiracy existed, and

he thought it proper to send for *the box*, about which Hardenbrass had shewn so much anxiety. This Haverill opposed, as its contents must prove his father's guilt, and it could, he urged, be produced at any time. The Sergeant yielded, though he said it was a weak objection and they stopped to change horses at C——.

C——, as our readers may remember, was at no very great distance from Pont-y-V——; but short as the distance was, it was so decreed that the two friends should not pass it, for one of their own horses had knocked up about two miles before they reached C——, and no other were to be had for love or money. The Sergeant inquired what made such an amazing run on the road; he knew there was no assize at Pont-y-V——, and was told that two chaises and four, and several carriages had gone down that day and the preceding.

"We hear, Sir," said the landlord,

"that the villain that attacked the ladies in Rose Cottage is discovered, and that the officers are after him; they say he was a poor wretch that was taken in for charity, and kept as a servant! Such wickedness makes one creep again! its enough to cure ladies of being kind-hearted, I'm sure. All the people in the country, Sir, is interested, and by all accounts it's not the only bad thing he've done!"

"Ah!" cried the Sergeant, "a desperate dog! what else has he done?"

"Why, Sir," resumed the Landlord, "they say he swindled poor Puffin out of a pair of boots, and robbed his larder many a time."

"I thought," said Haverill, "that Mr. Puffin had two wooden legs! consequently cannot want boots!"

"Odso! then perhaps it was his legs, Sir, the fellow got!" cried the landlord, not at all abashed! "It cant't be told what mischief he did through the country! they say he was found out by that! why he shot into the Marquis of Harden-

brass's chariot from behind a rock, and it was then Dr. Stirit saw him, and now they say he'll swing."

"Was the Marquis hurt, Sir?" asked Fullbottom.

"Law yes, Sir, and have been lame ever since they say, and his head bad too, poor gentleman! they say he's better now."

"Is he at Rhanvellyn?" asked Haverill.

"Yes, Sir, he does the Castle the honor to live there now, Sir," said the man, "on account of the poor mad duke his father, Sir."

"Aye, aye!" cried Fullbottom, "queer tales about that Castle! why I've heard it said that the Duke is no better, nor so good as a dried herring! in short that there is no Duke! alive I mean!"

"Dear, gentlemen, all lies, depend upon it," answered the landlord; "why I had some business took me that way not a month ago, and I asked Doctor

Stirit as I met on the way, and he had the civility to take me to a place, and I heard the poor old gentleman as plain as could be walking about, and he was talking something in a foraging language, the Doctor say it was Latin, but I don't know what, not I! Why, Sir, here they tell a story of his being, I can't tell how long, without ever coming out a hairing! but I saw myself the nice shed they've a built upon the terrace for him, that he may'nt be made ranty by any body as choose to peep at he!"

"It's wonderful," said Fullbottom, "how such stories could arise!" "Yes indeed is it, Sir!" answered the intelligent landlord, "but I do believe it is all come from the friends of the young Miss Rhanvellyn, who fancied the Marquis meant to cheat her, as her father is not expected to live, they say! nay, I have heard that he is dead. One hears queer odd things, to be sure! but my opinion is, that a man as would live in the world

have no business with any of these here reports, and most of all against the great folks. To be sure, as I always says, gentry is gentry! and them as God made to rule must rule! my wife don't agree to this; she say, as how that God made all men equal, and women too, and that we have as good a right to riches if we can get them as any body! and in that I don't say her, nay, for to be sure, God gived all things in common, barring game."

"So people are sent out after this rascal that has done all the mischief?" said Fullbottom; "who is in search of him?"

"Gregory Griffinhoof, they say, Sir," answered mine host; "and he'll lime him I dare say! a most active man! he was once in the trade himself, so he knows most of their hiding places! if he claps his claw into him, Justice Hellborough will cook his carcase nicely! why I have a heard as how there is another charge

against him for murder of a poor gentleman as has travelled in these here parts; dear, dear, his name slips me now! but he's a notorious man, and all the folks at Pont-y-V—— knows him pretty well, I believe. His body has not yet been found, but Mr. Justice Hellborough will ferret it out, if the devil had it! he's the man! give him but an item that a man is dangerous, or should be removed, and he sticks at nothing to oblige his friends! and he has plenty of friends among the great folks!" "Really, you give the Justice a fine character!" said Haverill, "he must be a very useful man in these times, when want obliges so many to be troublesome to their neighbours! I suppose the beggars don't approach his habitation." And here, Mr. Landlord, who always studied the style of his guests, and suited his opinions to what he imagined their's to be, entered on an eulogium of Mr. Justice Hellborough, interspersed with anecdotes, critical and biographical,

particularly mentioning one case of a young sailor, who, in consequence of what was, when too late, proved to be an infernal conspiracy against him, was convicted by a jury of his countrymen, and suffered the punishment of the law for an imaginary offence.

The conduct of Hellborough on the bench, was such as to occasion many individuals, who were not of his party, to fancy and even insinuate, that the justice had overstepped the modesty of nature, (perhaps not his own), or at least the bounds of propriety and justice in the whole of his conduct; and mine host himself had more than once, when warmed with wine, given vent to sentiments very different from those he now expressed. Now, as mine host was a very respectable man, celebrated throughout the country for his right principles, that is to say, his admiration and strenuous support of the minister for the time being, his loud applause of taxes, sinecures, ex-

pensive buildings, lock jaw bills, and Mr. Pitt and his never-to-be-forgotten glorious system, we should be extremely sorry if any of our readers should too hastily condemn him for a sort of tergiversation, which from a right principled man was not to be expected. Let him on this occasion be excused; he thought his interest concerned, and when that is the case, there is not a *right principled* man in the kingdom that would not do the same, and justify it when he had done.

And now Sergeant Fullbottom thought it advisable, as they were detained, to make a good use of his time by writing to Sir Gaspar Scoone, with whom he formerly had a slight acquaintance, and to request him to meet him at Justice Hellborough's; and he sent the note by a special messenger. At any rate, Sir Gaspar being known to Hellborough, might, he thought, be heard more attentively than that great man usually heard strangers; and being likewise in the

commission of the peace, the sergeant thought he might be otherwise useful. After ordering horses to be ready at eight the next morning, to convey them to Pont-y-V——, they retired to their rooms.

CHAP. XXVI.

Some Account of Justice Hellborough.—What passed at his House.—An Interruption.

As Haverill and his friend passed through the market-place of Pont-y-V——, they saw a groupe of persons at the door of the Cheese-toaster, among whom was the landlord of Rose Cottage, and this with the sight of the cross where the illustrious Diggle had suffered the effects of popular fury, reminded Mr. Haverill of that great man; but his own situation now demanding his whole attention, he soon forgot every thing else.

Before we introduce our hero to Mr. Justice Hellborough, it may not be thought impertinent to give a short description of that weighty individual, who with every advantage of situation, and

no contemptible share of Nature's gifts, had contrived to draw upon himself the detestation of a whole neighbourhood; we might even add the contempt. Edward Hellborough, Esquire, commonly called Justice Hellborough, was a tall large man, rather to be admired for the strength and muscular form of his person than for its gracefulness. He had tolerable features, a quick eye, an aquiline nose, and good teeth; but what he most piqued himself upon, was a voice of thunder, which he had a particular pleasure in exerting to terrify the weak and timid, who had the misfortune to approach him. Of the qualities of his mind we have spoken in the early part of this work, and his character will be best known by his actions.

When the chaise that contained the two friends stopped at his door, this great man was enjoying the luxury of a storm, and swearing for his wig with all the volubility of a professed oath maker. As

he expected to see a good deal of company in the course of the day, he had sent his wig to the operator to be properly put in form; and the poor man not having returned it at the fixed time, the owner was consigning him and all his implements to a place, where, from his familiar mention of it, many people supposed him to possess particular interest! We mean that place whose very name is horrible to ears polite! that place to which the honest man, plagued with a shrew, consigns her in the laconic phrase, " Go to H—!" that place, where it is imagined the best company here will many of them meet with a warm reception! That place, to which nobody wishes to go, but few have a chance of escaping, and to which, while those of no religion are sent by those of some, bigots of all religions consign each other without mercy. " False as hell! Black as hell! Blasted to hell," &c. &c. such, with various modifications, were the favourite phrases of Mr. Justice Hellbo-

rough; and knowing this, our readers will not wonder that a shrewd countryman once asked him if he had a place to dispose of there, as he wanted work. But to return.

The ring at the bell put a stop to the storm within; and the sergeant and his young friend followed the servant charged with the name of the former into the room, where Justice Hellborough (some called him only by the first syllable of his name for shortness) was rubbing his bald pate with a towel, which he threw in his man's face with a menacing growl. Then looking earnestly at the sergeant, who was a very remarkable figure, as well as himself, he asked if he had any particular business with him. "Very particular, Mr. Justice," answered the sergeant; "and I must request a private audience."

The Justice then closed the door, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, with a red pocket-handkerchief over his head,

to prevent him from catching cold, he asked, whether the gentleman had a complaint to make?

"Why, look ye, Mr. Justice!" said the Sergeant; "I don't know what my business may terminate in: whether you may call it a complaint, or not; but I have heard, that you are expecting the arrival of a prisoner of the name of Haverill, and I——" The Justice here interrupted his visitor, with marks of great irritation, and cried, "Haverill! a Hell-dog! a devil's imp! a succubus! Haverill, alias Harkles, alias John Strange, Esquire! alias Thief! Assassin! Murderer! Blast him!" Here the Justice stopped, for his zeal had exhausted him, and Fullbottom proceeded: "It is of this person I come——"

"To complain?" said the Justice, having gained fresh breath; "what new villany has the rascal committed? But it's all the same! I have evidence enough to convict him six times over, and your

complaint will only make an additional count."

"Ah!" cried Fullbottom, glad to have found the Justice in this unbosoming rage; "evidence, Sir, have you? Ha! I'm glad of that! May I ask what?"

"If you'll stay half an hour, Sir," returned Justice Hillborough, "you may hear it; for that worthy man, Stirit, who has taken pains to rake up the whole, is to be over here, to be ready against the arrival of the prisoner. We know where to find him! and, at any rate, he will have a pretty lodging for a few months! Size is over!" Now, in this observation, which was made with great exultation of manner, the worthy Sergeant saw the end and design of the business, which was, if they could not throw the crime ultimately upon Haverill, to keep him confined a few months, during which, no doubt, some nefarious business was to be transacted, or, perhaps, he might be doomed to find his fate in a prison, where so many more

have met theirs. In this he was partly right; but Stirit was not actuated alone by his zeal for his master: awkward whispers had circulated about the affair at Rose Cottage, and he knew it was an advantage to be the first to accuse. The Sergeant then asked, whether the evidence was positive, and likely to tell well! To which the other answered, that he had never heard stronger. "But I beg pardon, Sir! what is your complaint?" said Hellborough.

"Why, Mr. Justice," said Fullbottom, "this gentleman is as much concerned in it as myself, and, if you expect the party so soon, we will, if you please, stay till the examination is over! You have the prisoner, I think?"

"He will certainly be here by twelve," said Hellborough; "and we shall be ready for him! I, of course, am an unprejudiced person! I cannot be supposed to have any malice, or ill-will, towards the villain, and every man, by our law, as

perhaps you may have heard, Mr. Fullbottom, so I think you are called, is, of course, supposed innocent, till he is proved guilty: but positive evidence! what can stand against that! Like an active magistrate, a man should do his duty, Mr. Fullbottom! I have endeavoured to assist that worthy man, Doctor Stirit, in finding out the perpetrators."

"An active magistrate is an useful man, Sir," said Fullbottom: "is this Doctor Stirit in the commission?"

"Not yet, Sir," returned the other; "but, as he is a particular friend of that good man, the Marquis of Hardenbrass! a very great man, Sir! a man who will be immortalized in story, Sir! What was I saying? Oh! here comes my wig! Damn you, you shaking hellspawn! (to the trembling barber, who now entered), why did not you bring it sooner?" To this, the weaver of hair, shaver of beards, and craper of caxons, returned no answer, but approaching the great man, prepared

to cover his large head with his well powdered wig. Having done this, he received a kick and an oath, with an order to vanish, which he obeyed in a twinkling. And now, feeling more satisfied with himself, since his head enjoyed its honours, and more complacency towards his guests, who were, he fancied, struck with his consequence, he was beginning to ask questions, respecting whence they came, their place of residence, their business, and the name of our hero, when Mr. Stirit rung at the bell. Upon this, the Justice begged to be excused five minutes, as Doctor Stirit was come, and, he supposed, brought news of the prisoner. He then retired into another apartment, and, in about a quarter of an hour, returned, saying, that the Doctor was ready with his evidence, he being such a lover of justice, that he was willing the prisoner should not be a moment kept waiting.

"Have you a large party ?" asked Haverill. "Oh! no ; not very large, but

in these small places every body likes to see how we go on!" returned the justice. "We expected the prisoner would have been brought in yesterday, but to-day he must come. We only wait for him to settle his business."

"If that be the case, Sir," returned Haverill, "I can be of use to you, I believe."

"Ha! good news! what did you pass the fellow on the road?" replied Hellborough, rubbing his hands.

"No, Sir," said Haverill, "I brought him with me. I am the person known by the name of Arthur Haverill!"

"You, Sir?" cried Hellborough, turning redder, if possible, than before. "You? Why, how the devil came you here?"

"As to how I came here, Sir, that is of little importance," said Haverill, "here I am, and prepared to repel any injury offered to my character and honour, either as a man or a gentleman. I demand to be instantly confronted with my accuser,

and if you find evidence enough on examination, commit me. But remember, Sir, that I am a gentleman, who have borne his Majesty's commission; that I am neither poor nor friendless, and that you are responsible for your conduct as well as myself. Lead the way, Sir. Nay, no retreating! Lead the way. I insist upon it."

Hellborough seemed as if he wished for a longer parley, and Fullbottom, who fancied that he saw that a new light had struck this upright magistrate, would fain have indulged him; but Haverill's impetuosity prevented him, and with a countenance in which impudence and alarm struggled, he preceded his visitors to the parlour, which he called the justice-room. In this apartment sat Mr. Stirit, in close conversation with a man whose face Haverill thought he knew, but did not at first recollect; it was the celebrated Dr. George Slanger.

The entrance of the party caused some

sensation, and Hellborough taking his seat, called his clerk, and told Stirit that the gentleman he saw was Mr. Haverill. This intelligence did not appear quite to please Mr. Stirit, who certainly expected to see Haverill differently accompanied, and he involuntarily bowed. Fullbottom prepared to take notes of the proceedings, and Haverill waited in silence for the business to begin. There was, however, a considerable pause, during which the justice blew his nose with a report like thunder, and gave his wig a jerk that left it in a most picturesque attitude. At length he began:

" This gentleman, Arthur Haverill, alias Harkles, alias John Strange, appears here to-day, Mr. Stirit, in consequence of an information from you, that he was one of the persons concerned in, or rather, accessary before the fact—I mean in the attack made on Rose Cottage, in the county of ——, and parish of ——, on the — of November last, and I

am prepared to take evidence, and if necessary, to make out his mittimus. Clerk, swear Doctor Stirit."

Haverill fixed his eyes on those of Stirit, and that great man, with wonderful command of countenance, took the book and kissed it, with great apparent devotion.

He then began to detail the steps he had taken, to discover the persons who had committed this atrocious act, and at the first sound of his voice, Haverill recollected it, as *that* that had exclaimed on the fatal night, "Damn me! you have shot me!" He determined not to interrupt him, and Stirit, stated that after many inquiries into the peculiar circumstances of the affair, and the mysterious disappearance of a man of the name of Taffle and his family, consisting of a wife and daughter, he had within the last month discovered a most suspicious circumstance, which, in fact, first gave him the intimation of Mr. Haverill being con-

cerned in the affair! and this was, that the two women, Taffles, were, he found, actually supported by the prisoner's father, and the daughter even a servant in his house.

Haverill started at this deposition, for he immediately guessed why the housemaid had been removed (no doubt by the order of Slapdash) from South D——, and he began to think himself in more danger than he was at first aware of. Hellborough watched him, and set his wig straight again. Stirit went on to this purport. That while at Rhanvellyn, the servants of Mrs. St. Arno had reported, that the prisoner gained entrance to Rose Cottage in the first instance, in a very artful way, and was known there by the name of Harkles, or Urkles, he could not tell which, and that on the night in question, he threatened the lives of both domestics with a bloody knife; but that the ladies, not, it appeared, suspecting him, and his companions having retreated, he

found means to persuade them, that he had saved their lives. That it appeared, from further inquiry, that he had been previously sometime residing at the Cheese Toaster in disguise, under the name of John Strange; and a few days before he got into the cottage, he had received, by the hands of a person, ready to give his testimony, a parcel so directed, with great apparent agitation. That after the receipt of this, he set off for C—— in dreadful weather, and instead of going thither, compelled the post-boy at the risk of his life, to change his route; that he made him go at the back of Rose Cottage, and leaving him on the hill, gained entrance by feigning himself faint. That the said boy afterwards drove him to C——, and that he was traced to H——, where he went by his own name, of Haverill.

Stirit had proceeded thus far, when the Justice observed, that it appeared a hellish business, and asked Stirit if he

could substantiate any of these facts, to which he answered, that it happened unfortunately that the woman Tafle was dead, but that the girl was come down to an aunt in the neighbourhood, and if Mr. Justice would send a constable, he dared to say, she might be forthcoming. That Mr. Puffin and his household were on the spot to prove one part of the charge, as well as Doctor George Slanger and the post-boy, and that as he wished nothing but to do a public good, by detecting the mysterious affair, if the Justice did not find sufficient reason to commit the prisoner, he should forbear to produce the coachman of Mrs. St. Arno, who, as well as the maid, was willing to swear to the truth of his statement.

And now Mr. Justice looked at Haverill, as if he expected him to reply, but he kept silence, and Fullbottom wrote. While the messenger was gone for the girl, the Justice began a soliloquy on

the painful office he was fulfilling, and the irksomeness of being compelled to investigate such affairs; but this was soon put an end to by the entrance of the persons summoned, and as many of the inhabitants of Pont-y-V—— as could gain admission. Taffle's daughter approached trembling, but she no sooner saw Haverill than she fainted, and was at last given to the care of the housekeeper. The post-boy confirmed the deposition of Stirit, adding many circumstances of threats, &c.; and Doctor George Slapger, who had not forgot Haverill's jest on his waters, shewed great satisfaction in giving his evidence. As to Mr. Puffin, he declared that he knew no harm of the gentleman, and that he never asked the name of any gentry as visited the Cheese Toaster—that he believed he was innocent of hurting any body as himself, and wished that he had more such customers. Joan wept bitterly at seeing the handsome gentleman in trouble, and

there was not a female in the room who did not accompany her.

And now the evidence on one side being closed, as the girl Taffle continued insensible, the Justice in an elaborate speech, filled with high sounding words, called on Mr. Haverill for his defence: with great coolness, he spoke thus:

"Being well convinced that every individual present, and none more than John Stirit, believes me innocent, I might, one would imagine, omit making any reply, but I shall nevertheless answer what has been advanced. If the women, Taffles (we have only Mr. Stirit's word for it), were servants to my father, as I knew nothing of his domestic concerns, and in fact was not on terms with him, I cannot be supposed privy to it. Mr. Stirit ought to have proved, and he *shall* one day, where the husband is." Stirit here shewed great agitation, and the Justice said, it was an insult to the court, to speak so

loud. Of this, Haverill took no notice, but went on.

"With regard to the absurd name of Harkles, even Mr. Stirit might have seen that it was a burlesque on aliases! I shall call Mrs. and Miss St. Arno to prove my conduct in Rose Cottage, as well as the state in which I was found. At the Cheese Toaster, prudence, to guard against the wiles of the most consummate of villains; prudence, made me live without a name, till a letter from a friend directed as stated, was brought to me! I suppose the bearer has not forgotten the discovery I made, that he sent his patients their own water back, under the name of Saline Draught."

This unlucky observation raised such a clamour in the room (most there having at one time or other, been patients of George Slanger), that even Hellborough's voice was drowned, and it ended by the poor man making his escape into another

room, through a door behind the Justice, with clothes almost torn off his back.

"And now, Sir," continued Haverill, "I demand this business to be suspended, till I can produce my witnesses!"

To this Mr. Justice objected, declaring that it was against the law, and that for his part, he was very sorry, but from the depositions before him, he must commit Mr. Haverill, as the law saw no difference between gentle and simple. He then ordered his clerk to make out the mittimus, when Fullbottom addressing Stirit, said, "You, fellow, Stirit! pray, if Mr. Haverill let you in, and helped you, as doubtless he did, after lodging himself there for the purpose, it seems, who opposed you? Tell me that."

At this question, the Justice pushed his wig aside; Stirit stared and gasped, and struggled hard with conscience, and Haverill said, "Aye, Sir! who struck down the guide, who offered to shew you

his room, and bid you not disturb the women? Who was seized by Mr. Stirit, and delivered from him by the discharge of a pistol from one of the thieves, of which the contents, I suppose, were received by Mr. Stirit, for he it was who exclaimed, 'Damn you! you have shot me'?" A murmur ran through the room, very like applause; but Stirit, summoning his courage, said, that throwing it on him would not do—it was too late! Fullbottom then desired to be sworn, but Hellborough saw the mittimus was nearly completed, and he insisted that he had heard all for the prisoner that could be heard, and that he might prove his innocence at 'size. The Sergeant was beginning a warning speech to him on the irregularity of his proceedings, when that happened, that we shall relate in a new chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

What happened in Pont-y-V——.

The incident we alluded to at the close of our last chapter, was a great commotion in the street, where huzzas, threats, and strange imprecations were mixed up oddly with the names of Mr. Stirit and Justice Hellborough; and the latter knowing well in what degree of estimation he stood with one part of his little world, and how greatly the other execrated and had reason to detest him, was not at all easy at these symptoms of popular indignation; he forgot Mr. Stirit's business in his own fears, and was retreating to an inner room, when Fullbottom placed himself in the door-way, and told him the business was not yet concluded.

Many of those in the room would now have made their way out, in order to learn the news, but they were as immoveable as walls; for those without were as eagerly endeavouring to gain admission. Great was the pushing, elbowing, tearing, kicking! and in the midst of it, Doctor Stirit having some misgivings, would fain have got out too; but Haverill collared him, and pinned him in a corner till he saw how this would terminate. Probably something like conversation might have taken place, had there been any possibility of understanding what was said; but the noise was too potent, and Haverill confined his efforts to guarding his trembling enemy.

At last those who were anxious to gain admission succeeded in part, and the first person who appeared in the room, by this time considerably thinned, was Doctor Twentymen, who, with perspiration streaming down his face, and his clothes almost torn off his back, squeezed his way

up to Stirit, in his eagerness to find him, quite overlooking Haverill, and seizing him, exclaimed, "I arrest you! villain! thief! murderer!" Then looking round, he gave the culprit to the care of two stout fellows, and catching the hand of Haverill, he cried almost inarticulately, "We have him! my dear boy! all's out!" "*Him,*" said Haverill; "what, Hardenbrass?" In reply to this, he only could hear, "No, no! he has escaped!" when the noise again became violent, and Doctor Twentymen was obliged to solicit, by gestures, to be heard: and so he would have been, had not the cries of a man thrown down in the bustle again drowned his voice; and it was not long before the upper parts of Mr. Sergeant Puffin were reared by the assisting arm of Mr. Sergeant Fullbottom, and happily without any other loss but that of his wooden supporters. And now Doctor Twentymen consigned Stirit to the care of the officers of justice, till the charge of felony could

be properly proved by people who, he said, were on their way to Pont-y-V——; and Hellborough, perceiving what turn things had taken, began to bluster furiously, and to reproach Stirit with having led him into such an error, such a hellish mistake, as to be very near committing a young gentleman to a devil of a place, where very likely he might have caught his death before 'Size. But since the truth was likely to come to light, and he began to suspect that Mr. Stirit was no better than a Devil's Imp, he should leave him in safe custody till the matter could be heard properly, and the populace should have retired. The populace, however, shewed no disposition to retire, though they knew no more of the case than that some iniquitous scene had come to light at Rhanvellyn, in which Doctor Stirit had a share: they demanded loudly to be informed, but Doctor Twentymen addressed them, and said it would not be doing justice to any party to make a premature

disclosure of circumstances, and that in all probability the whole would very soon be before the public. He then exhorted them to disperse, or at least to leave the house, as he and his friends had urgent business to attend to, and the presence of so many strangers prevented them from proceeding in it.

This address did not meet with universal approbation, as most there had assembled for the purpose of learning all that should pass, either between him and his friends, or him and his enemies. Slowly, however, and reluctantly they retired, bearing on their shoulders all that remained of Sergeant Puffin, who had, not his arms, but his legs borne after him. Haverill and his two friends went with him to the door, and had just shaken the honest man by the hand, when the cries of "make way! he's coming! It's Merlin! make way!" agitated the populace they sprang from, and the Doctor, looking out sharp towards the

road from Rhanvellyn, exclaimed, "Coming, indeed!" and he hastened from his companions to meet a party, who by this time were entering the market-place. As to Haverill, he stood in astonishment at the scene before him, not being able to conjecture who it could be, before he saw the object distinctly, and much less afterwards, as the reader may judge by the following description. On the bottom of a light cart, drawn by a Welsh galloway, and driven by a country fellow, who walked by its side, sat a long, lank, bony figure, that might have been taken for the Knight of the Rueful Countenance himself, in some of his metamorphoses, had the market-place at Pont-y-V——, been a market-place in Spain. His eyes were sunk and glaring, his cheeks hollow, his beard of about six inches long, strong, harsh, and hideous: on his head he wore a green velvet cap, turned up with what had once been white silk, and he was habited in a handsome damask

gown with sleeves, and a sash tied round his waist. He sat with his arms folded, and leaned against a cushion, which had been placed to support him. His appearance was that of a person, at the same time, gloomy, ferocious, and timid; and when he had a full view of the immense crowd in the market-place, he uttered a groan of apprehension, that arrested the sympathetic beast that drew him. But his fears, whatever they were, were soon dispelled, for he was hailed with loud shouts and acclamations, that rent the skies, though the acclaimers knew as little as he did, why they were so vociferous.

This conduct on the part of the public, had a wonderful effect on the unknown person: he directed his man to change his course, and instead of preceeding to the Cheese Toaster, to advance towards the Cross, and there to make a halt, and, as he went on, the people made way for him, and paid him such honors as the

sovereigns themselves might have envied. At length having reached the most elevated part of the ground, he stopped, and rising slowly, and leaning on the whip of the driver, which he borrowed for the purpose, he waved his hand, in token that he wished to be heard, and prepared himself to address the assembly. Silence at length being obtained, he began thus:

"Friends and Fellow Countrymen! Illustrious descendants of Caractacus! Sons of Freedom! nothing could have better shewn the legitimacy of your claim to the blood of the brave Silures, than the exalted sympathy you have this day shewn in the sufferings of one who has been a martyr to the crimes and cupidity of that son of perdition, who will suffer all the horrors of Tartarus at one and the same time! yes! methinks I see him the victim of deadly thirst, unquenched by the promised stream, no drop to comfort him—but I see you all sympathize, and I will now rouse within you every

string of passion, and seed of indignation!"

Here the orator paused to take breath, and wipe his nose, which, either from his own emotion, or the briskness of the air, had some drops pendant on its point, and while he removed them with the sleeve of his damask gown, his audience gave him three cheers. He then resumed.

" Four tedious moons have winged their flight, since *I*, the son of song and freedom, was seized by the agents of that damning compound of infernal malice, Stirit, abrupted, or torn from my vehicle, after its conductor had been bribed to convey me to their Tartarus! coercion, which I tremble to see in reminiscence, lest it should overset the frail reason my sufferings have left me, coercion was used to reconcile me to incarceration the most horrid! most horrid and most unnatural! and my attempts to deliver myself from the direst bonds, were rewarded with bleedings! blisterings!

cuppings! purgings! I vow to God I wonder that life, much more reason, should have a spark left unextinguished! But I call upon you, merciful Christians, to revenge my cause! leave no hope of mercy or escape for Stirit, or his vile employer, and ere they again entrap an illustrious genius to make a Duke of, may the fire from heaven consume them."

As the orator concluded the last sentence, many of the audience, and among the rest Mr. Puffin, thought they recognised (as doubtless the sagacious reader has done,) the unfortunate prophet Diggle, and no sooner was this discovery made, than (forgetting all former malice) they saluted him with the title of Duke Diggle, and again hailed him with loud huzzas. The poor man, overcome with the restoration to freedom, and the glory of this day, for he doubted not the people were assembled solely to receive him, was obliged to sit down in his cart or car, as he ever after called it, and amidst the cries

of, "Down with Hardenbrass! Diggle for ever!" he was once more conveyed to the house of his friend Thomas, where he received such friendly attentions as his melancholy case required.

The people had no sooner housed Mr. Diggle, than they were inclined to set out in a body to Rhanvellyn to testify to the present possessor the pleasure they felt in the certainty, that Miss Rhanvellyn might now be their own again, and that his iniquitous plan of keeping his dead father alive had failed, and probably some of them might wish to impart other things to him, but for this we will not answer; but Doctor Twentymen, who dreaded any thing like a tumult, as it would only be the cause of mischief, and give some worthy magistrate an opportunity of calling in the military, a thing that always made his blood boil, assured them that such a visit would be injurious to those they wished well to, and not to Hardenbrass; and he so far succeeded

with them, that they changed the object of their indignation, and prepared to execute in effigy in the evening Doctor Stirit, and Justice Hellborough, whom they regarded as the tools of Hardenbrass.

Leaving them to their amusement, the Doctor and his two friends, after seeing Stirit secured for the present, retired to Mr. Puffin's best room, and were welcomed by Mrs. Puffin in a way that shewed the good woman had a kind heart, and could feel that glow of exultation so natural to the generous minded, when the oppressor is foiled in his purpose, and the innocent delivered from his snares. As to the Sergeant, he was seated on the chest in the corner; while the carpenter was gluing his legs together, and Joan curtsied ten times a minute, and laughed aloud. At the earnest entreaty of Haverill, who was eager to learn how the discovery of Diggle's situation had taken place, the Doctor made the report, which the reader may see in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Relation of Doctor Twentymen.—A Summons.

"I WAS sitting down to my solitary supper, my dear Haverill, three nights ago, heartily weary of myself and wishing for you, when a man arrived express to me with a letter from Medley, whom we all had thought lost, giving me an account of his various inquiries, expedients and devices, all of which it seems had proved unsuccessful, and adding, that in consequence, he had not thought them worth communicating; but vexed and disgusted, he had a week before gone down to Sir Gaspar Scoone's, to hear what was passing at Rhanvellyn. It was not known exactly whether the Marquis was at Rhanvellyn or not, if he was, he was *incog.* which Sir Gaspar said was always

supposed to mean insane; but Sir Gaspar was most inclined to think that he was in London, as some whispers had run amongst the servants, that a young lady who had visited at Rhanvellyn, was expected at the seat in S---, and the Marquis could run down there without trouble."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Haverill, "could it be my Anarella? the villain!"

"Why it is not very likely!" answered Twentymen, starting up and pulling up his breeches; "you know we heard some weeks ago that she was safe in France. But let me proceed. Medley added, that on the very day he wrote, a stranger arrived *incognito* at Sir Gaspar's, who was no other than Mr. Rhanvellyn himself. This gentleman, it seems, had some friend who watched over his daughter's interest, and who informed him, that it was known almost to a certainty that the Duke of Trimingham was dead, as during several months nobody excepting Stirit

was admitted to the room where he was said to live, and he never went into the open air. This appeared the more extraordinary, as during the first part of his illness he took regular, and before that, very strong exercise. To this, his informant added, that lately it was found some one actually did inhabit what were called the Duke's apartments, and that a person who had been in the neighbourhood had been missing, and advertised for by his friends, and that his own opinion was, that this person, whose name was Diggle, was now a prisoner at Rhanvellyn.

"Upon this Mr. Rhanvellyn determined to procure a warrant from Sir Gaspar, his old friend, to search Rhanvellyn, and Medley wrote to me to bring Ingram with me, that we might form a strong body, without followers. I accordingly flew to Sir Gaspar's, where I found poor old Rhanvellyn in, *I* think, a most alarming state; but he does not

seem apprehensive of it himself! I'm sure there's water on the chest! and we agreed to go to Rhanvellyn on this very morning. Never did I see a man more agitated than the once owner of this fine estate, on his approach to the house! but I forbear to expatiate on it! suffice that we were fortunate enough not to arrive till after Stirit had set off for Pont-y-V—, and we went directly to the north entrance, which you know of old, my dear Haverill. The Germans at first hesitated, but we walked resolutely forward to the apartments Rhanvellyn had heard described as the abode of the wretched maniac, and I obliged the keeper to open the door. We found Mr. Diggle, for so he proved to be, walking up and down the room in his present dress, with a countenance, that certainly looked more like a maniac's than any thing else: he started when he saw us, and I asked him if he was the Duke of Trimingham? 'No, by the light of the blessed heaven!' said he,

throwing himself at my feet, and Mr. Rhanvellyn, raising him, said, 'I see that! I knew the Duke well!' Diggle saw his deliverance, and he was so frantic, that I was obliged to hold him, while the rest secured the two men; and we were preparing to search the house for the Marquis, though the men said, in French, he had escaped, when your letter to Medley was brought: I instantly quitted my charge, to come to you, though he begged earnestly that I would take him away instantly, and I fancy, by his arrival here, that they afterwards clapped him into the first conveyance they could find, in order to get rid of him."

Here the good Doctor finished his story, and received the warm thanks of Haverill, who felt some curiosity to know how Diggle got into the power of Hardenbrass; but in this the Doctor could not oblige him; and it was not till some time after that he discovered, that the favor was by Mr. Stirit intended for himself,

and that the people employed had taken Diggle, as they were ordered to seize the gentleman in the chaise from Pont-y-V——, who was going to the Rev. Mr. Budd's; and the reader may recollect that the illustrious poet went from that place, and directed his box to Mr. Budd's, a little before Mr. Haverill, on the same day. They found, when they had got him, that they must either murder or keep him, and, as he made an excellent mad Duke, they preferred the latter:—but to return.

Mr. Fullbottom was now consulted on the best method of proceeding, and the party were in the midst of this discussion, and that of some excellent cold beef, when a man from Rhanvellyn brought the following note from Mr. Medley to the doctor:—

"To Dr. Twentymen.

"Come to us instantly, and, if possible, bring Haverill—such a scene!---don't lose a moment!

"M."

"What the devil's the matter now?" cried the Doctor, but it was of no use to inquire, the boy who brought it knew nothing but that there was a great *fright* in the castle,—he believed the old gentleman was ill. "Aye! come to die at home!" cried Twentymen. "Well," said the Sergeant, "and no little consolation to die in possession!" They did not, however, spend their time in talking; they were soon in a chaise, which, drawn by four horses, flew with them to Rhanvellyn.

Haverill was lost all the way in a world of conjectures, each one more wild than the rest respecting what could have happened that made his presence desirable! had the Marquis indeed been there! but he was not. At last they reached the castle, and were met at the door by Medley, who, without speaking, beckoned them to follow him, and led the way to the apartments of the Marquis of Hardenbrass.

They passed through a suite of rooms

to a door which Medley opened softly, and they followed him into a drawing-room where, with her back to the door they had entered, sat a lady on a couch, held by Mr. Ingram, who, with some difficulty, prevented her from flying to another person extended on a sopha, and kept alive to what passed, by the care of a medical man and Sir Gaspar Scoone. Mr. Rhanvellyn had turned with horror from the scene, the carpet was much stained with blood, and two or three servants were supplying what was wanted. When Haverill entered, the lady was speaking; and, to his great horror, he recollected the voice of his wife. She spoke thus: "Man, if you have one spark of pity, let me go! do you think I have any fear that my revenge is not complete? No, he dies! see his agonies! Alas! they are not strong enough! they equal not mine when—listen, Hardenbrass! *you* may have forgotten, though *I* never can! let me approach him—he *must* hear me!"

At this moment Hardenbrass appeared better; and Lady Letitia, disengaging her hand, hurried towards him, saying, "Off! I will tell him again!" then, half leaning over him, she said; "To thy everlasting doom of misery descend! in thy heart be the pangs of guilt, in thine eye the bleeding body of thy child, each quivering limb and spouting vein shall call thee to perdition with tongues louder than thunder! Burn it! burn it again and again! there it is still! for ever before thee! Aye groan! groan! and remember, that she who has sent thee to thy punishment is that Letitia, whose honor, life, and soul thou hast cursed! Sweet are thy groans! my steel has reached thee, though my wrongs could not."

Doctor Twentymen had by this time offered his services to his brother practitioner; but he told him, that all he could do would be vain, the Marquis had received two severe cuts in the lower part

of his stomach, from a large sharp instrument, and his habit of body alone would dispatch him if the wounds were not otherwise mortal. Doctor Twentymen's approach drew Lady Letitia's attention to that part of the room, and she saw her husband! With a grace that received interest from its contrast to her manner of addressing Hardenbrass, she threw herself on her knees before him, and said: "Turn not away from me, injured man! thy presence for once is grateful to me! and let what I am now about to say be noted by those present, that no further evil may befal thee. That monster, too base to name, dies by my hand! but I take that God who has accursed me to witness, that no mortal was privy to my design. When at H——, I had an opportunity of learning from a domestic the events that befel you at Rose Cottage. I guessed the author of that attack, and bought of that domestic the knife his depredators left behind;—it has now pierc-

ed the wretch! When I had passed Windsor, on my way to complete my revenge, my chaise was attacked by two men, one of whom asked if I was not---the lady I saw at H——, I mention not her name! I knew that villain had attempted her honour---I thought I saw his plot---I answered yes.---I was taken with my luggage to the house in S——, where were servants I had never seen. Weeks passed, however, and Hardenbrass came not---the woman grew loquacious; I found he was mad! At last the summons came! I unlocked my treasure, and concealed it in my clothes.---I was brought here yesterday---last night I pleaded weariness, and promised to gratify his wishes to-day! I chose the day to witness my revenge. The discovery of his mistake in me almost maddened him, and I had pierced his body when these gentlemen entered. All I ask of you, Sir, is forgiveness for your wrongs; the rest of the world I detest or despise!"

Before Lady Letitia had concluded her address, Haverill had raised her, but he was too much agitated to reply, and Hardenbrass, seized with a fit of madness that rendered him furious, now attracted the attention of every body present. His violence in groans, words, and actions, displaced, in part, the bandages that had been applied to his body, and he again bled copiously; his cries were horrible, and his exclamations shewed the impression Lady Letitia's curses, joined to his own guilt, had made on his mind: he seemed to act again the scene she had reproached him with, and called on Stirit to make haste, and conclude the sacrifice. While thus suffering agonies his bitterest foe might have pitied, his unhappy murderess surveyed and listened to him, with a savage pleasure that it was dreadful to witness; she looked as if she was treasuring the pains he suffered to live on, and at last burst into an hysterical laugh, that shook her frame violently. Medley es-

sayed, as he had done before, to make her withdraw, but she declared she would not while life remained in the wretch who had ruined her felicity, temporal and eternal. "Let me see him," cried she, "he has been my curse; let me see how truly I am now his." At length Doctor Twentymen told her that her presence would certainly shorten his life, and that after the crime she had committed she must be aware in what a dangerous situation his death would place her. This last idea, which, in the exultation of revenge, she seemed to have forgotten, threw her into a temporary reverie, and, after a pause, she asked how long he supposed the monster could live; and when told that he might possibly survive till night, but that from his madness his danger was much increased, she said that if he lived till night she should not be condemned for his murder. And now Sergeant Fullbottom, thinking that Lady Letitia had mistaken the law, and fancied that be-

cause her victim had not immediately died under her hand, she should not be answerable for his death, began to explain to her that it made no difference with respect to herself, whether he lived one minute or one month, provided he died in consequence of his wounds, and he, in an under-tone, whispered, that by withdrawing she might have an opportunity of securing herself.

Perfectly calm, and with an air of sovereign contempt, she looked at the Sergeant, and when he had done, she said, placing her hand on her heart, "I have that *here* that is my security." These words the Sergeant understood to mean, that she had concealed arms, and he told her that any arms she might have must prove inefficient, as of course care would be taken that she should not attempt any thing against her own life. To this she gave no answer, but addressing Haverill, who was sitting petrified with the horror of the present, and the future that present

threatened, she said, "On you, Major Haverill, nothing that either has befallen or shall befal me, can attach the slightest stain! I never belonged to you! There is one being alone I pity, because one alone will have a fair fame stained by her relationship to me—that is my sister; but I have long since excluded all soft sensations from my bosom, once too apt for the worst of mankind, to indulge them. He is my victim! Thank God! he is my victim!"

"Madam," said Haverill, "let me beg you to withdraw; this scene is too horrible! to see you so unsexed—"

"Is natural, but too natural!" interrupted she, "as is your abhorrence of me, but a little patience---you say, Sir" (to the surgeon), "that wretch can't live?"

The surgeon shook his head, and Dr. Twentymen exhorted Hardenbrass, who seemed to have a lucid interval, to mention any thing that was of importance to his survivors or to himself; but the un-

happy man now grew so bad, that he could with difficulty articulate, and after half an hour of suffering, he breathed his last, in a state of mind truly demoniacal.

Dr. Twentymen approached the couch where Lady Letitia had thrown herself, and perceived that she was much convulsed, which he attributed at first to the exceeding violence of her agitation; but he was soon convinced that it was more than that, and he said something to the surgeon, which she understood to be an offer of a remedy: she immediately raised herself with considerable exertion, and staggering to the body of Hardenbrass, threw herself upon it. She uttered a shriek that pierced the hearts of all who heard her, and saying indistinctly, "My vengeance is complete," fell into violent convulsions, which lasted during several hours, and at last terminated in death.

Dr. Twentymen suspected that she had poisoned herself, and he was not mistaken; she had that morning swallowed

a large dose of deadly poison that she had taken care to provide several weeks before, and ever since carried about her.

Thus died one victim of the infernal villainy of Hardenbrass, a woman with mind enough to have formed an admirable character, had she not been early contaminated by a connexion with a man, not great, even in his villainies. When Haverill saw her sufferings and her death, he shed a tear of compassion for her, and though the dissolution of their union was what he most wished, he had not certainly contemplated so horrible a catastrophe.

CHAP. XXIX.

What passed at Rhanvellyn, and how Haverill found Duke Diggle employed.

By the circumstances we have faintly endeavoured to detail in the foregoing chapter, Rhanvellyn had now again reverted to its right owner, and those present of course were prepared to congratulate him on the event; but he had quitted the room almost immediately on the entrance of Haverill and his friends, who in fact had had their attention so much engaged with other objects, that they had not observed him, or his leaving the apartment; and the servants said that he found himself so ill, that he had gone to Sir Gaspar Scoone's, and desired the Doctor might come to him as soon as he could be spared. The surgeon accord-

ingly set off directly, and the rest of the party remained to take such steps as the circumstances of the case required. After disposing of the bodies of the unhappy sufferers in the proper way, they sought for that of the Duke of Trimingham, and found it in an apartment, to which the door Haverill had formerly seen Stirit enter led; it had been embalmed, and was in a fine state of preservation.

Sir Gaspar and Mr. Medley then determined to remain at Rhanvellyn till all necessary formalities were gone through, and the letters sent to the brother of the Marquis, and the parents of Lady Letitia were answered; and Haverill, anxious to quit a scene he could not think of but with horror, was desirous to accompany his friends back to H——: at the end of two days, during which much was done, the servants and Stirit secured, and a hue and cry sent after Dr. Unwise, who had been lucky enough to escape from Rhanvellyn, as well as Mr. Slapdash, he bid

adieu to the castle and its scenery, though not without visiting the old gardener and his wife, and leaving them some marks of his bounty. Before he left Rhanvellyn, he heard that its owner had dispatched a special messenger to meet his daughter, to whom he had already written, and to expedite her progress, as he felt convinced he should never recover. He told Doctor Twentymen, who went over to see him, that he felt assured he should never again inhabit Rhanvellyn, and that he considered his present illness a punishment, not only for the squandering away a fine property, but for his neglect of a child, whose virtues made his own demerits the more conspicuous. Doctor Twentymen was too delicate to shew the curiosity he felt about the affairs of a stranger, and he endeavoured to raise the sick man's spirits, by giving hopes, he himself had not; and he quitted him, regretting to see that the opportunity for redeeming his time or his character, was now past.

After bidding adieu to Sir Gaspar and Medley, (the latter of whom pressed Haverill's hand as he parted, and told him he was persuading himself to be ready to wish him joy) the three friends set out for H—, but on their way stopped at Pont-y-V—, to pay a visit to the illustrious Diggle. They found him in his dukely costume, sitting for his picture to a friend, who had just at this time been engaged by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, to make a sketch of some ruins on his estate, and who intended to exhibit Diggle in the character of Duke and no Duke at Somerset House. When the gentlemen entered, Diggle, without moving from his position, addressed them thus: 'Gentlemen, the fairest meed of the poet is immortality, and though the path be thorny it leadeth to a pleasant eminence. In this garb, in which I have been both debased and ennobled, that is, ennobled as to title, my friend Mr. Umber is about to convey me to posterity,

and I myself shall turn my misfortunes to the best account, by making them a subject for my muse! I do not see why the Diggleid should not form twelve books as well as the Eneid, and it will have this advantage over the work of Virgil, that the author being himself the hero, will have felt the situations he describes! there is much in that!"

"Certainly, Sir!" said Haverill, "and you can even place your portrait in this costume as a frontispiece." "That Sir, is my intention," answered Diggle; "it will be the admiration of all, and I shall publish the work by subscription."

The gentlemen then desired that their names might stand foremost on the list of subscribers, and Diggle, in his eagerness to write them down, forgot his position, and that of his friend Umber, he started up to reach the inkstand, and knocked over his artist's easel, and the groundwork of his future fame. This accident filled him with dismay; he looked on it as a

bad omen, and actually shed tears at the cruel criticisms his work might suffer: his friend the painter participated in a part of his grief. When Haverill heard the name of this artist, he recollected that it was the same Robin mentioned, and on inquiry it was found that the fatal knife had belonged to Diggle himself. The friends took leave of him with many good wishes for the success of his poem, and the two artists returned to their employment in search of immortality.

As we may not have occasion to mention Mr. Diggle again in the course of this too true, and too authentic history, we will here add that he in part forgot his misfortunes in the pleasure of writing his poem, and that he still retains the title of Duke Diggle.

Doctor Twentymen's return to H— was hailed by many; his own household had been in great distress at not hearing of him or Mr. Haverill; and they informed him that Anthony had followed him

to Pont-y-V---: the truth was that Anthony was in Pont-y-V---, but he did not produce himself till he found how matters were likely to terminate. As to Gregory Griffinhoof, he remained several days under the care of his medical attendant at Abingdon, and did not spare his curses at the bill that was presented to him, but he revenged himself for the discipline he had undergone by not paying the doctor.

The first thing Doctor Twentymen thought of after his return was to write to Mrs. St. Arno, and if Haverill could have gratified himself, the first thing he would have done would have been to fly to Anarella, and plead for a heart, without which he felt his future life must be a blank; but he thought that it would be both more delicate and more prudent to defer his visit till after he should have inquired into his affairs, and ascertained what property he was possessed of. He believed it to be sufficient for all the elegant comforts of life, and as he could

now indulge himself in thinking of Miss St. Arno without any internal reproach, he took delight in the reflection that he could prove that his attachment was disinterested, and that he loved her for herself alone. But he was too deeply in love to delay a knowledge of his affairs longer than he could help; he staid but a day at H—, and then went to South D—, where he audited Doctor Socket's accounts, and after approving the servants that gentleman had placed in the house, took the box from its hiding place, and returned with it to H—. His intention was to examine its contents along with Twentymen, and then putting his affairs into the hands of Fullbottom, to set out for Paris as early as possible; in this however he was prevented, as may be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXX.

In which the History is concluded.

ABOVE a week had elapsed from the time of Mr. Haverill's quitting H—— to his return thither, and Twentymen complimented him on his improved appearance. "My dear Haverill," said he, "you look fifty per cent. better, and I trust that now you are free from persecution, you will entirely recover your health. When you have lost the distaste Lady Letitia's conduct must have given you to her sex, I hope you will marry, as I advise all young men to do; and if I might choose a wife for you, it should be that sweet intelligent Anarella; but I fear you would be too late there! Though it seems she did not love Medley, I'm sure

she did somebody; and of course my recommendation would come too late. I see that what I say pains you, and perhaps I am premature in mentioning the subject."

To this poor Haverill could make no reply; his heart was divided between hope and distrust, and he wished himself in Paris, that he might at once learn his fate. He sat down after supper to a game of chess with his friend, and he played so ill, that Twentymen was out of patience. "Od's my life!" cried he, "you invite check mate! One might as well play with a baby! What can be the matter with you now?" To this Haverill replied by a forced laugh, and putting the pieces together, he said he had no attention.

"I think not," cried Twentymen, "but there's Ingram coming I hear, and he'll have his wits about him." The Doctor prepared to welcome Mr. Ingram, when the door opened, and in walked

Mrs. and Miss St. Arno. The reader will surely pardon poor Haverill if, being taken by surprise, he forgot the usual rules of good breeding, and catching Anarella's hands, threw himself at her feet, unable to articulate for joy. She tried in vain to disengage herself; and at last, overcome, burst into tears. This restored Haverill to himself; he rose, and supporting her to a seat, said, "I may say now that I love you, Anarella. It is no longer a crime! The joyful surprise of seeing you has precipitated a declaration I longed to make. Mrs. St. Arno, intercede for me, I entreat you! I have a competence, I trust, and only a competence to offer Anarella; but with that and affection we may scorn the world."

"My dear Haverill!" said Mrs. St. Arno, "you are somewhat precipitate; and you have alarmed Anarella! We have heard the material part of what has happened, or you would not have seen us

now. I can only say, that you are the only man I know, to whom I could willingly resign so great a treasure."

While Haverill, half mad with joy, was uttering he knew not what to Mrs. St. Arno, and pressing Anarella's hands to his heart, Dr. Twentymen was emptying his snuff-box of No. 37 in a most surprising manner; and at last, unable to contain his joy, he threw his box behind the fire, and whirling his handkerchief, set up a huzza! that made the house ring again. As to Anarella, she at last succeeded in releasing one of her hands, and drying her eyes, she begged Haverill would spare her for the present. "My spirits have been much agitated," said she; "and I entreat that you will compose yourself for my sake." But Haverill was too happy to be composed; and he thanked her for her condescension as warmly as if she had promised him her hand. "Come, come," said the Doctor, "let us all be composed, we shall all be

better able to talk about things to-morrow; to-morrow is a new day."

"My good friend," said Mrs. St. Arno, "if we could have commanded to-morrow, you would not have seen us to-night; but the truth is, we are birds of passage, and our return uncertain; we could not pass through H—— and omit to visit our good friend there; but I confess we had hoped not to see Mr. Haverill."

"Why, for God's sake?" said the Doctor, half angry at what he thought an unkindness to Haverill; but that young man understood Mrs. St. Arno's meaning, and he pressed Anarella's hand to his lips. He was not, however, at all satisfied at the proposed departure, and he entreated that Mrs. St. Arno would defer her business one day, and thus allow him an opportunity of explaining to her and Anarella many things which he flattered himself would be interesting to them.

"It cannot be, Haverill; though I as-

sure you I wish to hear your communication," said the old lady; "not to keep you in suspense, however, know that it is a call of duty, and that Anarella is the daughter of Mr. Rhanvellyn! Her dear and lamented mother was my sister; and as her father early abandoned her to me, I have always called her by my own name. It prevented inquiries that would often have been painful. Poor Mr. Rhanvellyn has another family, for whose provision he is doubtless anxious, and though he has seen Anarella but once since her mother's death, he probably has some yearnings towards her. We shall go to him to-morrow morning, and if the heiress of Rhanvellyn does not withdraw the friendship Anarella St. Arno gave you, I can see no impropriety in your accompanying us."

"Shall he go?" cried Twentymen, giving breath to the question. Haverill only looked. "Do let him go, my dear

Miss — whatever you choose to be called!"

"He shall, if he wishes it," said Anarella, smiling; "I am sure if my aunt makes no objection, I shall make none." "Honestly and nobly said," cried the Doctor, "and by as fair a fair as even Yorkshire could produce. But, my dear young lady, I must tell you that I have seen your father, and that you have no time to lose! His glass is far spent. He talked to me of a daughter he had neglected. Little did I imagine that I knew his treasure."

And now, as none of the party were inclined to separate, Mrs. St. Arno obliged the gentlemen by relating the motive of her journey to Pont-y-V——, and the hope she had of discovering whether the report they had heard of the Duke's death was correct or not. The bad state of Mr. Rhauvellyn's health, she said, made it not improbable, that Anarella would soon come into possession of the estate;

and in fact, they expected almost hourly at one time to be summoned to the Continent where he resided. She then detailed all that the reader has seen of their journey and way of life in France, and added that having obeyed Mr. Rhanvellyn's letter, they met his messenger at Amiens. At length after a happier evening than Haverill thought he had ever passed in his life, the party separated, and the ladies were welcomed to their old apartment by Mrs. Sweetapple and Mrs. Twig, who had a grateful recollection of Anarella's kindness to her. As soon as they were alone; Mrs. St. Arno embraced her niece, and congratulated her on having won the affections of such a man as Haverill. She then unlocked her little black box, and returning her the picture, said, "My dear girl, you may look on this with unmixed pleasure, and your sacrifice to virtue is properly rewarded. You can return it to Haverill or not as you choose, you know."

"I chuse," said Anarella, weeping with pleasure, "to lay it next my heart; it will comfort me for all I have suffered, and I shall not sleep the worse for it."

The next day Miss St. Arno was at Sir Gaspar Scoone's early in the afternoon, and received from her dying parent a more affectionate welcome, than from his constant neglect of her she could have hoped for: she promised him to be a protectress to his family, and to provide for their unfortunate mother; and Mrs. St. Arno then thought it right to mention the newly declared attachment of Haverill to Anarella. At first he hesitated to approve the connection, as Haverill was a new man; but recollecting that he would the more easily be induced to take the name and arms of Rhanvellyn, he desired to see him: accordingly our hero was introduced into the room, and to his great surprise, recognised his former guest, Mr. Wilson. All matters were soon explained, and Haverill, who thought his father's crimes

had eternally stained his own name, readily consented to adopt that of his Anarella; Mr. Rhanvellyn was pleased with what he considered a compliment to the antiquity of his family, and joining the hands of the young couple, gave them his blessing. He survived this act, that secured his child's happiness, only a week, during which the whole party remained at Sir Gaspar's; and when Haverill had seen him deposited in the vault of Rhanvellyn, he joined his beloved Anarella and her excellent aunt at H——, where they remained till Anarella could take possession of her house. This she was enabled to do satisfactorily, thanks to the exertions of Serjeant Fullbottom, in about a month; and as her father was so recently dead, it was resolved that she should go as privately as possible, and that the good Doctor and Haverill alone should accompany her and her beloved aunt. When, however, they arrived at Pont-y-V——, they found that to proceed quietly was

impossible, and they were greeted at the Cheese Toaster by the worthy Sergeant and his family, in a way that drew tears from their eyes. The principal inhabitants of the town came to make their bow to them, and among the rest, Justice Hellborough, from whom they turned with disgust, and whose conduct has procured him a dismissal from the commission. A numerous cavalcade accompanied them to Rhanvellyn, and when they reached the portico, Anarella curtsied gracefully to the multitude, who being joined by her own tenants, cheered her heartily, and, inspired with good ale, danced merrily on the lawn to the music of the Harper. With a bewitching grace, and a smile as full of roguery as sensibility, Anarella welcomed her friends to Rhanvellyn; and giving one hand to Haverill, and the other to Mrs. St. Arno, she said, "While you both love me, I may perhaps be as happy at Rhanvellyn as at Rose Cottage; happier I cannot be! I have only to hope

that no such melancholy event may occur here as there." "And have not you a hand for me too?" cried the Doctor. "Two, my kind friend!" replied she; "I can never lose the affection your virtues have inspired me with."

"There, Haverill! what do you say to that?" cried the good old man, delighted with her frankness. "I say that I rejoice to hear my Amarella's sentiments so perfectly coincide with my own," replied Haverill; "if we did not love you, we should be monsters."

They had hardly sat down to some refreshment, when the old gardener and his wife came, to request the lady would please to see the flower-garden they had the care of, and, when the happy party went out to them, they immediately recollected Anarella and her aunt. Their joy was extreme, to have lived to see the lady come home; and, when the good woman looked at Haverill, she said she heard he

was to be Lord of Rhanvellyn, and she would rather him than another.

It is not, however, our intention to detail every minute circumstance that occurred: suffice it to say, that Haverill soon after received the hand of his Anarella from that of the worthy Doctor, who kissed the bride with great heartiness, and was as truly happy as warm-hearted benevolence can make a man. He soon after relinquished his practice, and Rose Cottage is fitting up for his reception, as a summer retreat, when he does not choose to meet all the company the Castle may contain.

Mr. Medley wrote a letter of congratulation to Haverill, now Mr. Rhanvellyn, on his marriage; but he says he will not yet venture to look at Mrs. Rhanvellyn; it is, however, hoped by them, that he may be prevailed on to enjoy the shooting season at the Castle.

As to the inferior characters, and the

agents of Hardenbrass, some have already suffered the sentence of the law, and there is no doubt that the others will, ere long, have justice done them. "I don't think, my Anarella," said the happy Rhanvellyn to his lovely wife, the other day, "I don't think we have now any reason to complain of our enemies; if Heaven but grant me the power to make you and our dear aunt as happy as I wish you to be: I shall never look back to any thing unpleasant again."

"That is true wisdom," said Mrs. St. Arno, preventing Anarella's reply, "and I think you may be satisfied, my dear nephew, for my happiness will depend on my Anarella's, in a great measure; and it promises as fairly as I could wish. Your mutual affection, my dear children; your moderate desires, and the adversity you have suffered, are securities for more bliss than one in ten thousand can look for! May God continue it! and, whenever I am about to be deposited by the

side of my beloved sister, may I be happy enough to give my blessing to another Arthur and another Anarella, who shall make your felicity as you make mine."

POSTSCRIPT.

In order to avoid an exposure of that iniquitous transaction, the relations of Kirkham were induced not to proceed with their cause, and the whole property was given up to them, by which step the mother of Mr. Rhanvellyn's children gained a pretty addition to the income fixed on her by Mrs. Rhanvellyn: as to the poor innocents themselves, they are amply provided for, and will, no doubt, experience every paternal care from our hero and his lovely wife.

Mr. Robin Bottomworth was lucky enough to arrive at Pont-y-V—— a day or two before the wedding of Mr. Rhanvellyn, and, after having shared in the

good cheer the castle afforded, on th occasion, he set out on his journey, ex pressing himself heartily satisfied with the remuneration he received for his trouble. He and Duke Diggle shook hands most cordially, a[illegible] did not neglect to witness the exit of Stirit, who confessed the murder of the child, and many other acts, for any of which he ought to have suffered.

Doctor Unwise made his escape from Rhanvellyn, and hastened to France, where, from his connexions in England, he was well received, and, it is said, enjoys the ear of royalty itself. Mr. Slapdash was not so lucky: he is in prison, on a charge of conspiracy against Mr. Diggle. The servants of Mrs. St. Arno, who were bought by Stirit, are now seeking other places; and Mr. Rhanvellyn is inquiring into the conduct of those belonging to his father.

Should any readers be curious to know further particulars of Hardenbrass and

ers, a very few of whose exploits are here recorded, it is not impossible that we may, at some future period, gratify them: in the mean time, we recommend to their perusal the work mentioned in the preface, entitled "Julius Fitz-John," which will shortly issue from the press.

THE END.

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